

Last Gasp



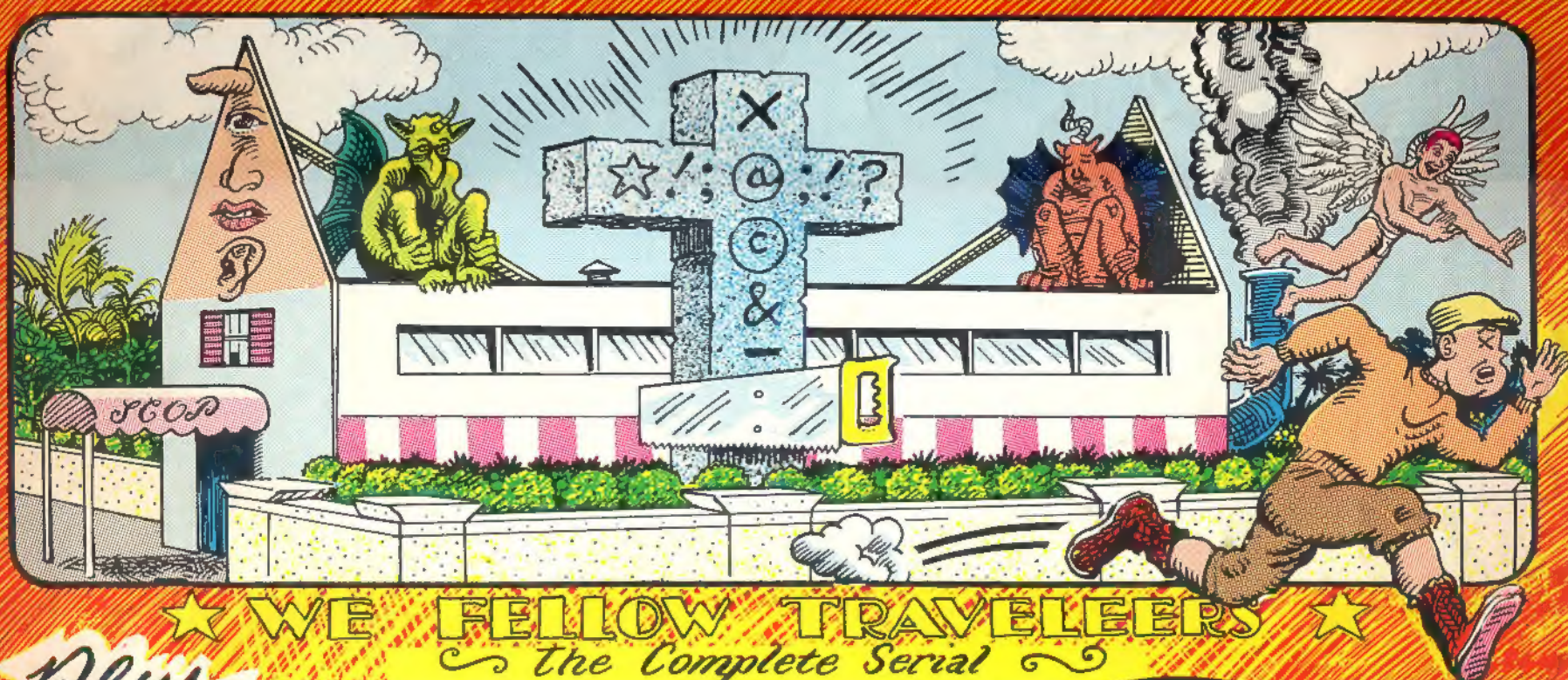
2 40-PAGER
JUMBO

PROVE YOU
ARE AN
ADULT.

\$2.

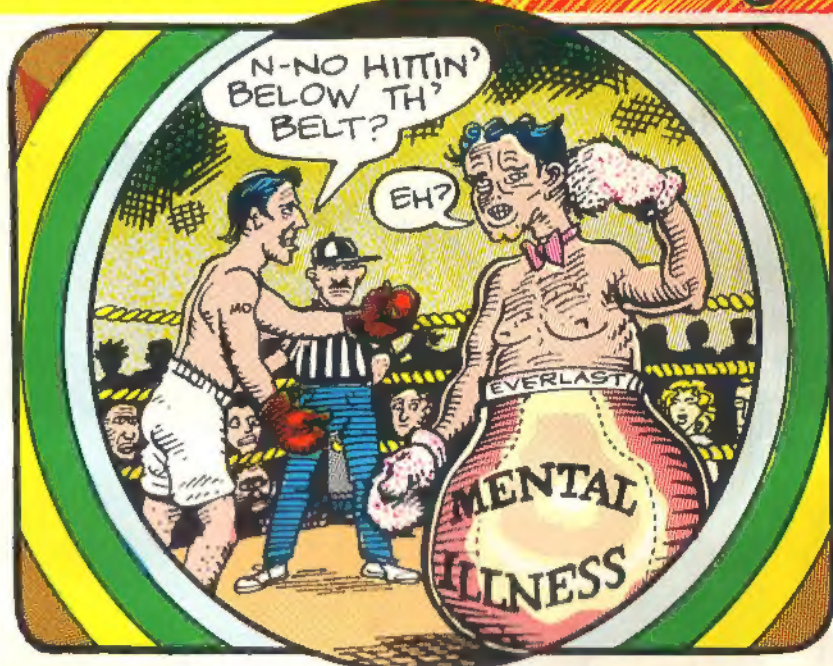
Sacred AND PROFANE

BY JUSTIN GREEN



★ WE FELLOW TRAVELEERS ★
Plus The Complete Serial

Pillar of Sanity
**BINKY BROWN
RETURNS!**



ADDITIONAL FEATURES



Fiction Debut of
Tim Barrett

&

A few precious
Reprints

and A VIEW OF THEM PURGATORY GATES



GIMME A BREAK,
WOULD YA, POPS?

THE CRUCIFIX IS A
GREAT CORPORATE
SYMBOL - YOU CAN
SPOT 'EM MILES AWAY

BUT

I JUST CAN'T GET "COMFY"
AROUND ONE. GUILT, FEAR,
SEXUAL REPRESSION, AND
JUST PLAIN MORBIDITY ARE MY
HABITUAL RESPONSES TO THE
GENERAL IDEA OF CHRIST
IMPALED ON A CROSS.

I WOULD PREFER TO SEE THE INSTRUMENT OF HIS TORTURED DEATH AS BEING
A NECESSARY COMPONENT IN A SYMBOLIC PROCESS THAT UNFOLDS TOWARDS
A CONSTANTLY-RECURRING RESURRECTION. SO HERE'S HOPING THAT THE
NOBLE READER WILL COME CLOSER TO UNDERSTANDING THE TRUE SPIRIT
OF THE CROSS AND THE ESSENCE OF THE TEACHINGS OF JESUS UNHAMPERED BY
SECTARIAN DOCTRINE. IF THE CURSE TO BE LEVIED ON ME FOR TAMPERING
WITH SACRED STUFF IS THAT ALL THOUGHTS ON THE SUBJECT COMING FROM MY
BLASPHEMOUS LIPS WILL REGISTER AS BABBLE IN THE EARS OF MY FELLOW

HUMANS, THEN MAY THEY
GAIN KNOWLEDGE THROUGH
THE INVERSE METHOD OF
DISSECTING THE LIES &
FALLACIES I HAVE MANU-
FACTURED IN MY FLIGHT
FROM A MISPLACED DI-
VINITY WHICH LEADS TO
IDOLATORY AND SUPER-
STITION. I ONLY WANTED
TO UNDERTAKE THE RE-
SPONSIBILITY OF USING
THIS MUTANT ARTFORM
FOR AN EVOLUTIONARY
MOTIVE, THOUGH I'VE

HEARD THAT "THE
ROAD TO
HELL IS
PAVED WITH
GOOD INTEN-
TIONS."

CENTRAL! 2
WE GOT THE
AUTHOR PIN-
POINTED!



"A TOAST"

Sacred and Profane, Copyright © 1976 by Justin Green.

Box 40631, S.F., Ca 94140 ~ World Rights Reserved

"WE FELLOW TRAVELERS" Chapters 1, 2, & 3 Copyright © 1974, '75

Magazine Management, 575 Madison Ave., NYC 10022.

A cordial nod to Sol Brodsky (no relation to "UNCLE SOL") and
Denis Kitchen for courtesy extended in reprinting material from
COMIX BOOK. A salute to Dennis Lopez, editor of APPLE-PIE.

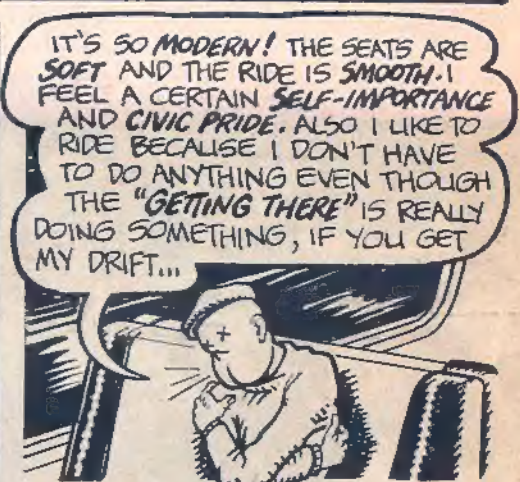
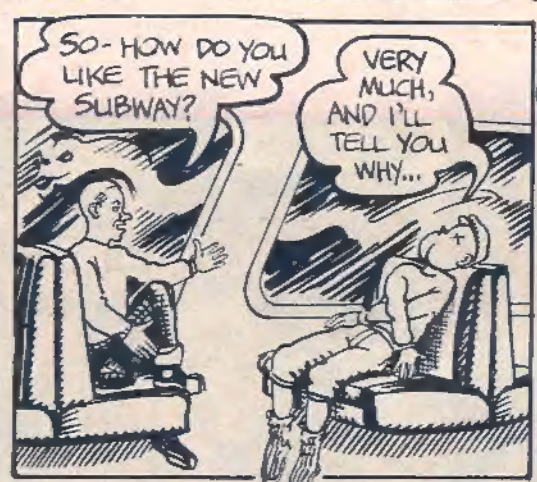
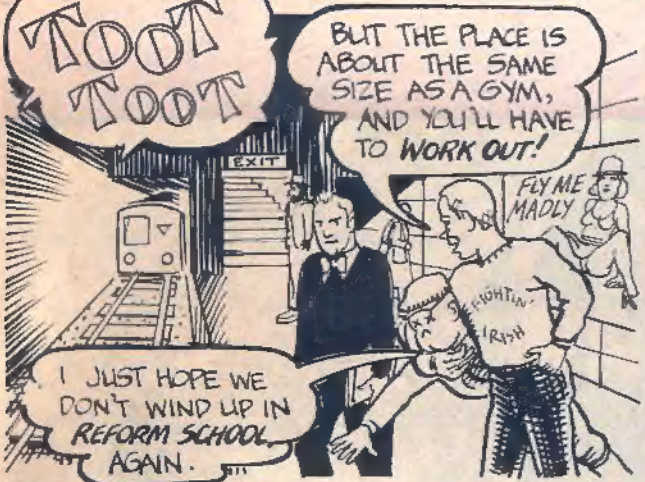
Above photo snapped by Keith Green. Last, but not least, this work
is published by LAST GASP, Box 212, Berkeley, Ca 94701 ~

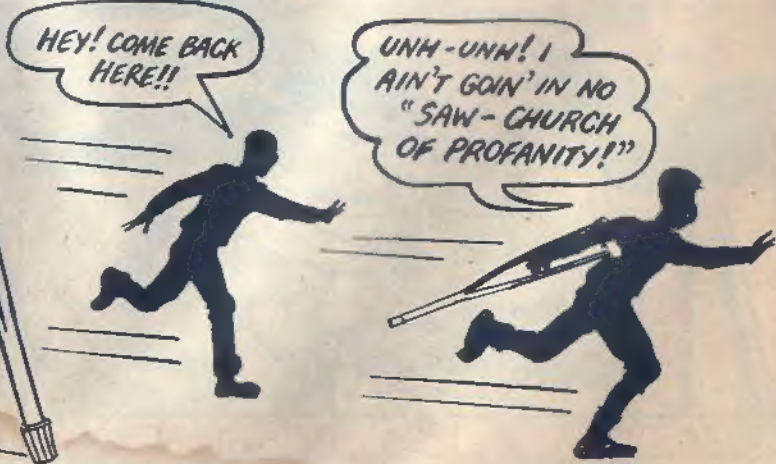
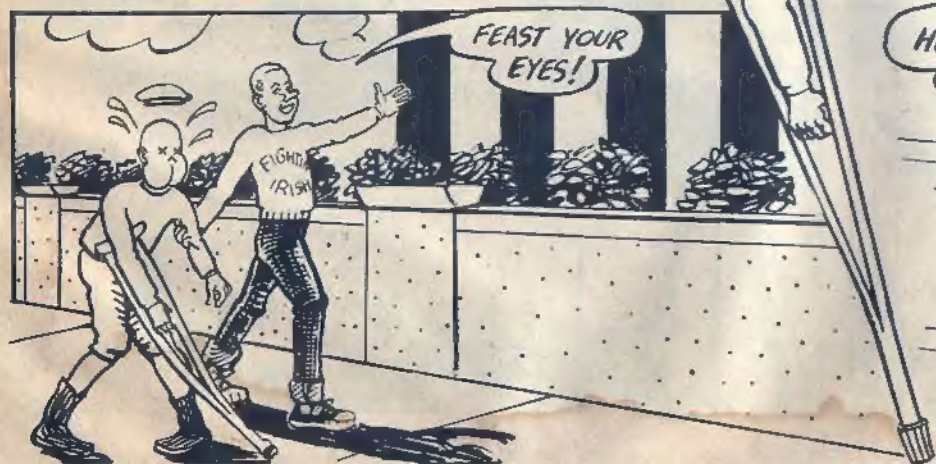
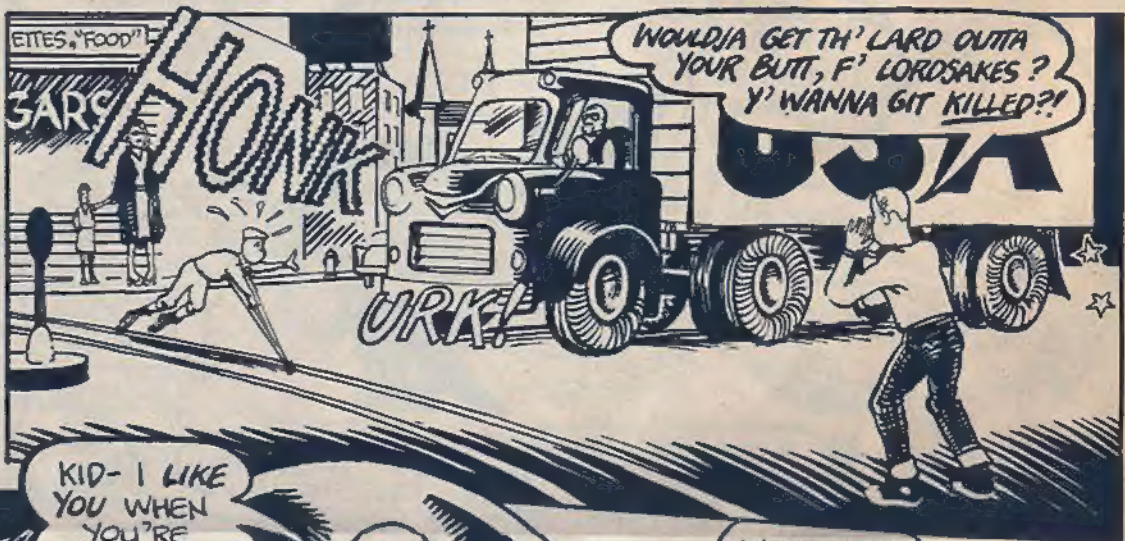
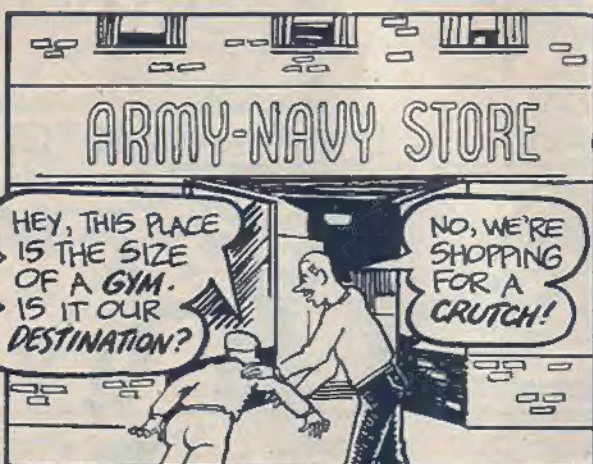
A genuflection to Ron Turner for encouragement and support.

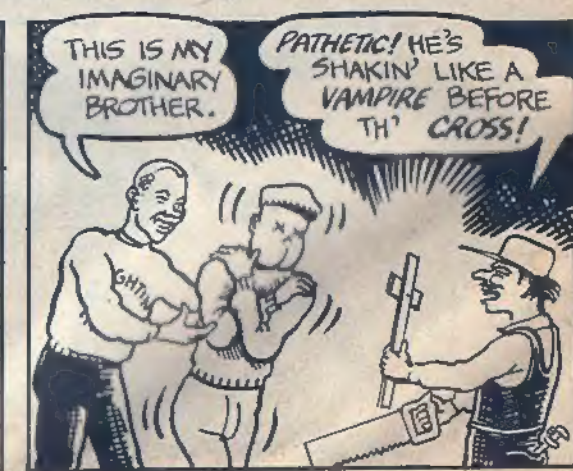
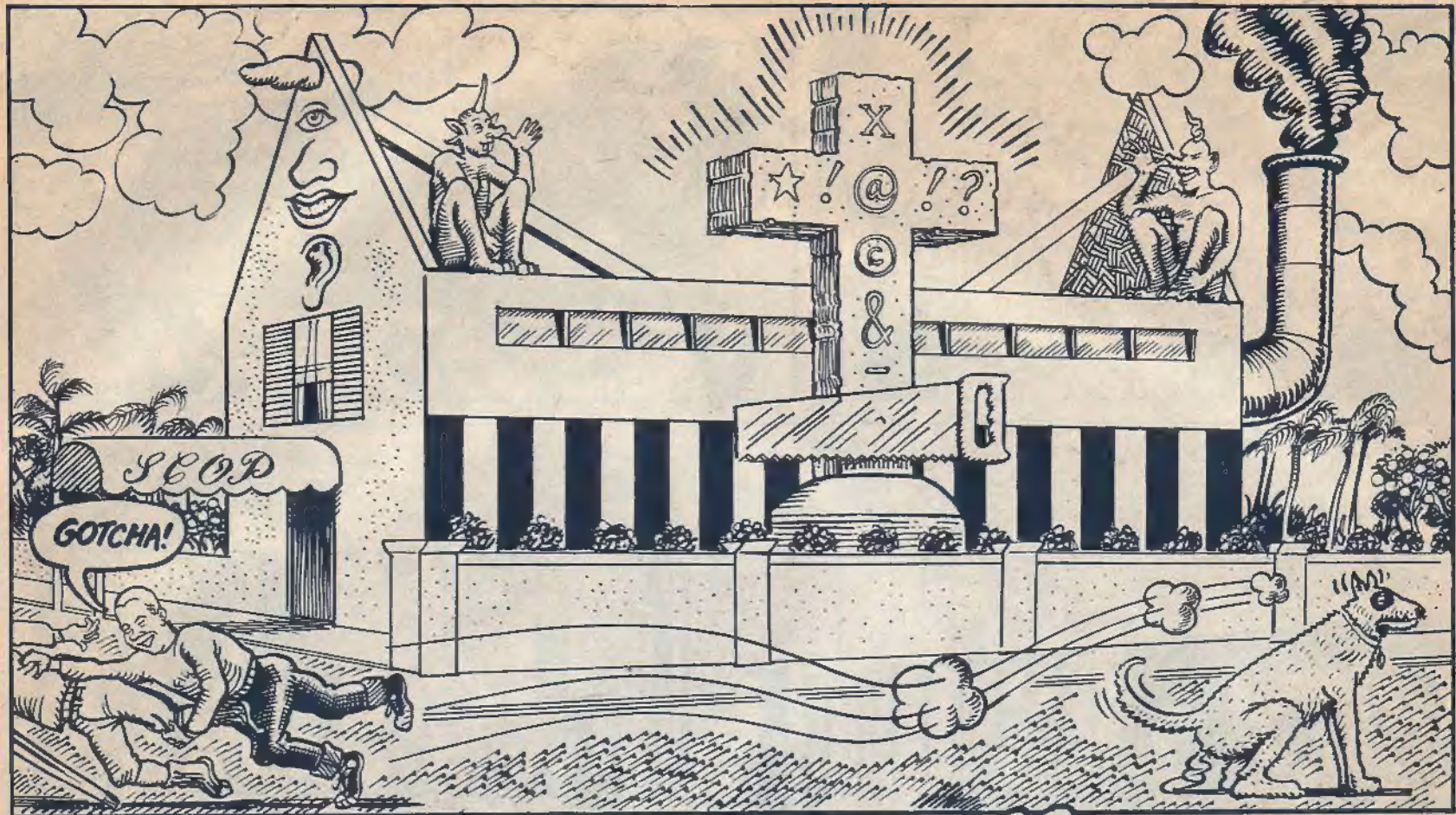
WITH LOVE TO NANCY GREIFEL
BINTY BROWN

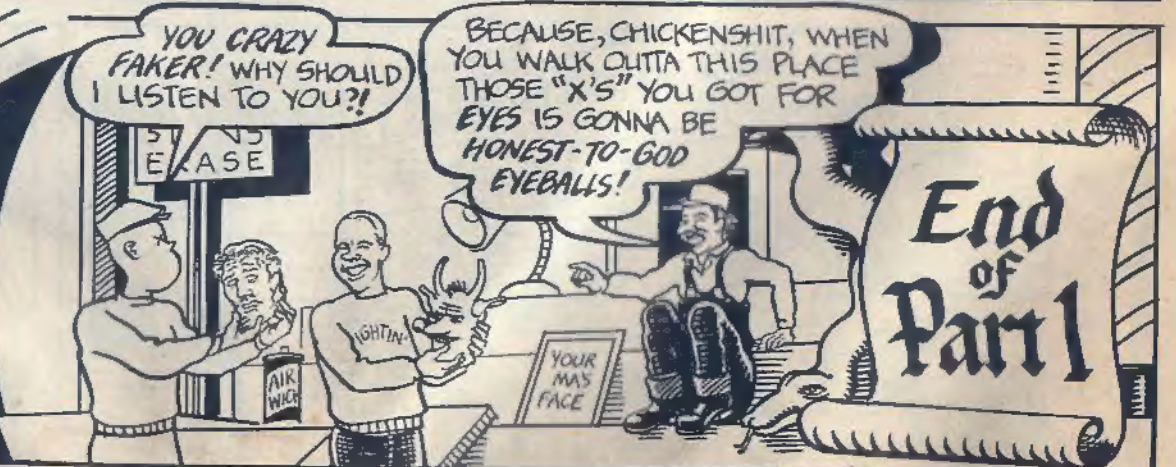
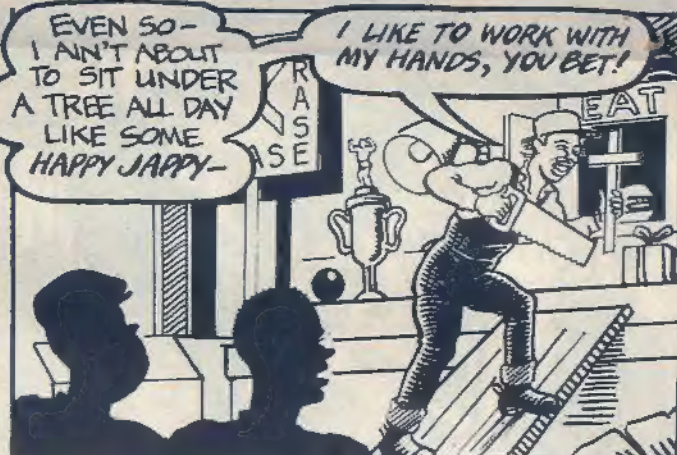
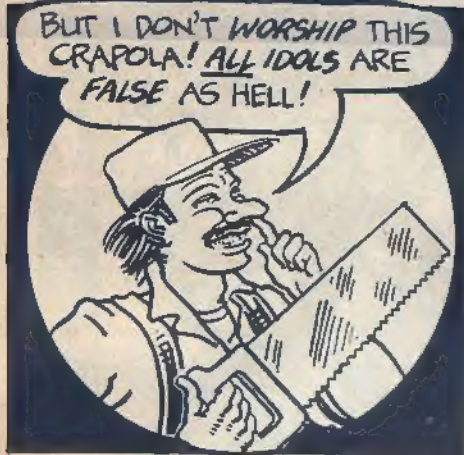
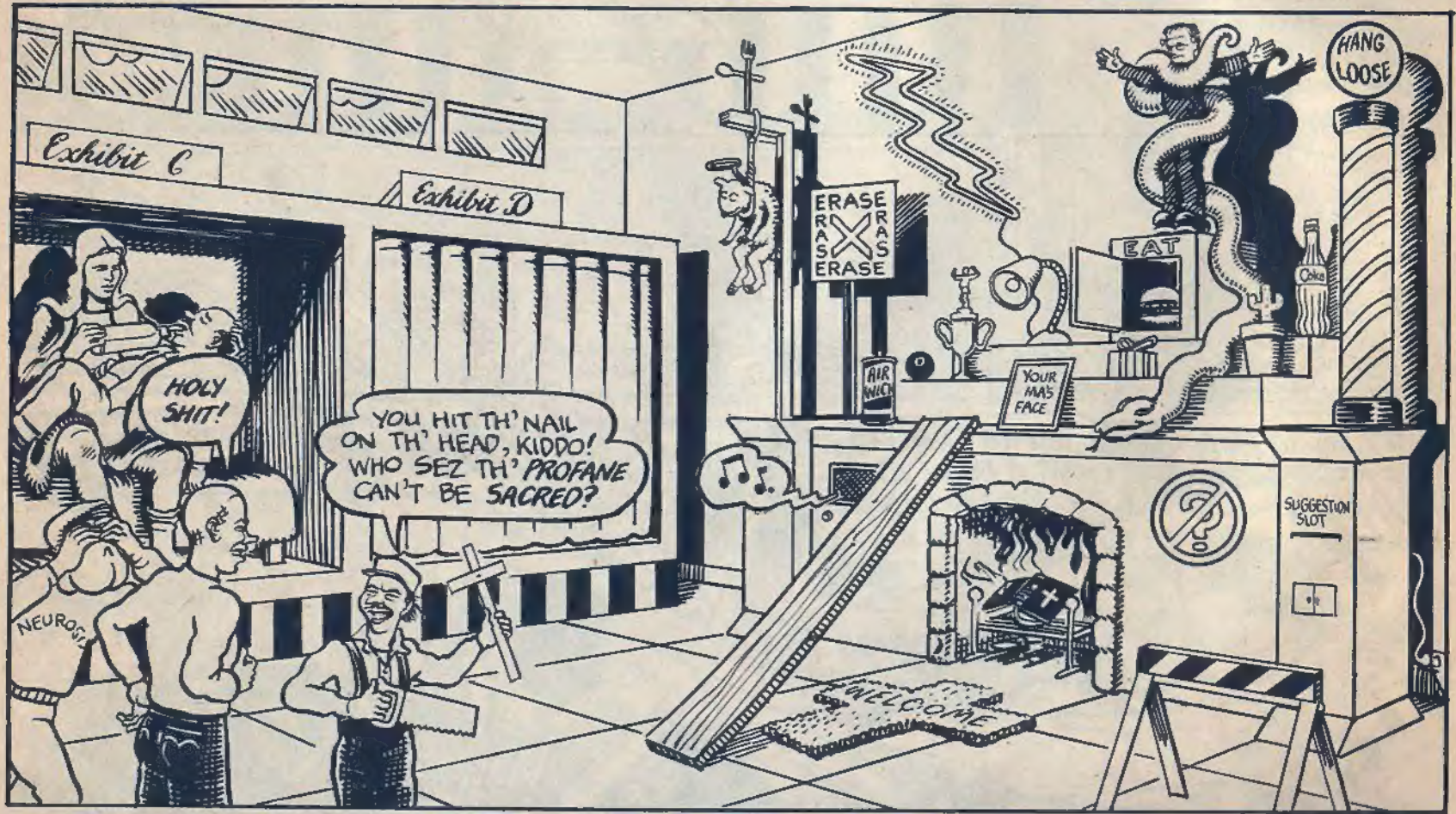
We Fellow Travelers

JUSTIN GREEN









GIUSTIANO C. VERDE'S

BATHOS PLAYHOUSE

"Right Field"

READ IT AND WEEP.

AN INTERESTING, THOUGH IRRELEVANT, SIDE-LITE TO THIS TALE IS THAT MY POP PERSONALLY SERVED THE "KING O' SWAT," BABE RUTH HIMSELF, A HOT-DOG WHEN HE WAS BAT-BOY FOR THE CHICAGO WHITESOX IN '22. INCIDENTALLY, TH' BABE WAS A RIGHT-FIELDER, ADDING A TOUCH OF MAJESTY TO THE LOWLIEST POST A FELLOW CAN PLAY IN THE OUTFIELD.

I OFTEN WONDERED WHY I BELONGED TO LITTLE LEAGUE, SINCE I HAD TO SELL RAFFLE TICKETS IN DOWNTOWN CHICAGO, WEARING MY UNIFORM, YET.

WIN A BRAND NEW '55 FORD!



EARLY IN THE SEASON I WAS CONSIDERED HOT-SHIT BECAUSE I COULD THROW FURTHER AND FASTER THAN MOST ANYONE.



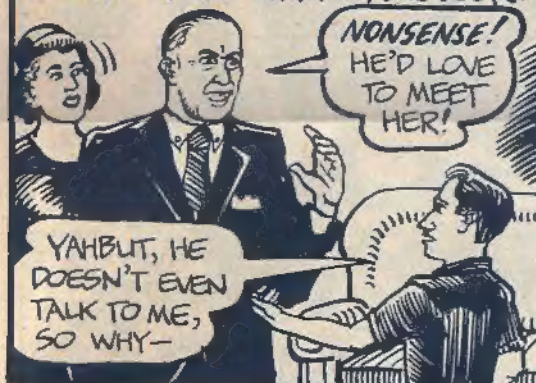
AFTER A BRIEF STINT ON THE MOUND I GAINED A BAD REP AS A "WILD PITCHER" AND WAS FARMED OUT TO RIGHT FIELD, THEN LATER TO THE DUG-OUT.



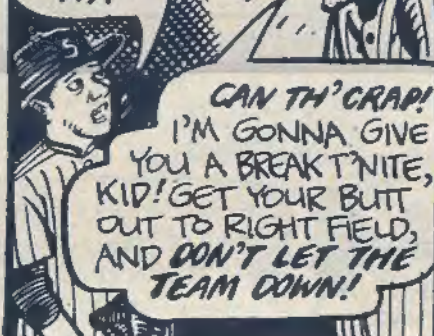
SO HERE I WAS HAVING TO SELL THE RAFFLE TICKETS WHILE MY ASS WAS ON THE BENCH 90% OF THE TIME.



SISTER VIRGINIA DEFECTED FROM THE CHURCH. SHE SHOWS UP ONE MORNING IN STREET CLOTHES. POP THOUGHT SHE SHOULD MEET MY BASEBALL COACH, A GREEK, JUST BECAUSE SHE WAS GREEK. THERE WAS A GAME SOON.



PETE, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET THIS EX-NUN, A GREEK, WHO USED TO BE "SIST-



SO HERE WAS MY BIG CHANCE. I FINALLY GOT A GOUNDER, THE FIRST TIME I'D TOUCHED OFFICIAL HORSEHIDE FOR WEEKS. WITH ALL MY MIGHT, I HURLED IT IN THE GENERAL VICINITY OF HOME PLATE LIKE A HERO!



IT WENT CLEAR OVER THE BATTING-CAGE INTO THE STANDS, HITTING AN OLD MAN COLD. AN AMBULANCE HAD TO COME TAKE HIM AWAY AND I WAS BACK ON THE BENCH FOR THE EVENING.



I TRIED TO QUIT SOON AFTERWARDS, BUT WAS SOMEHOW TALKED OUT OF IT.



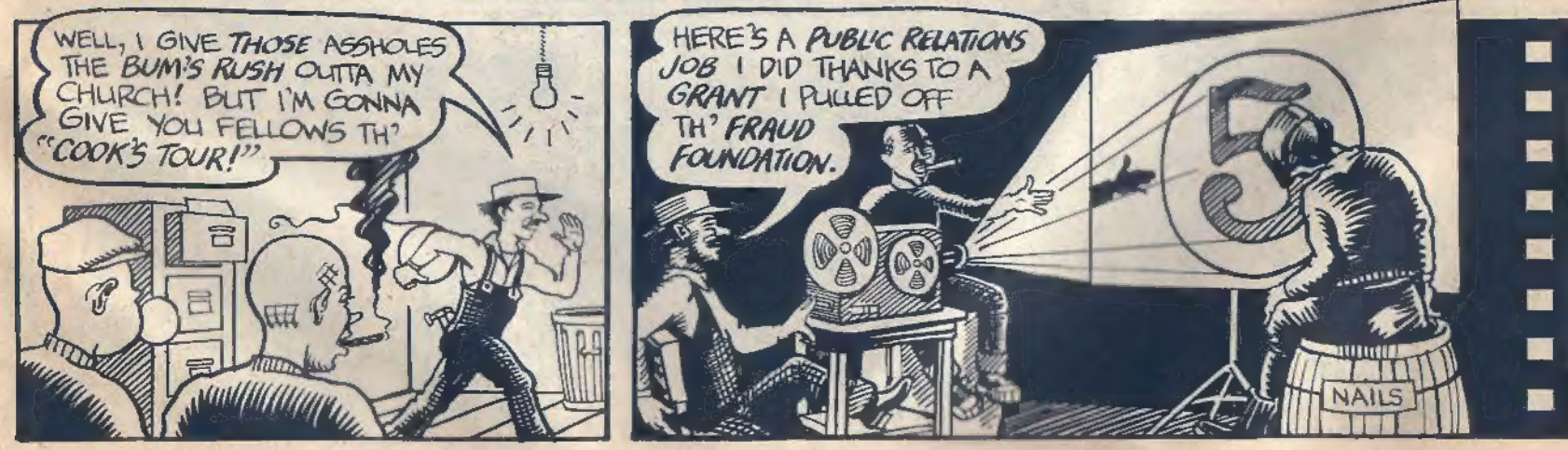
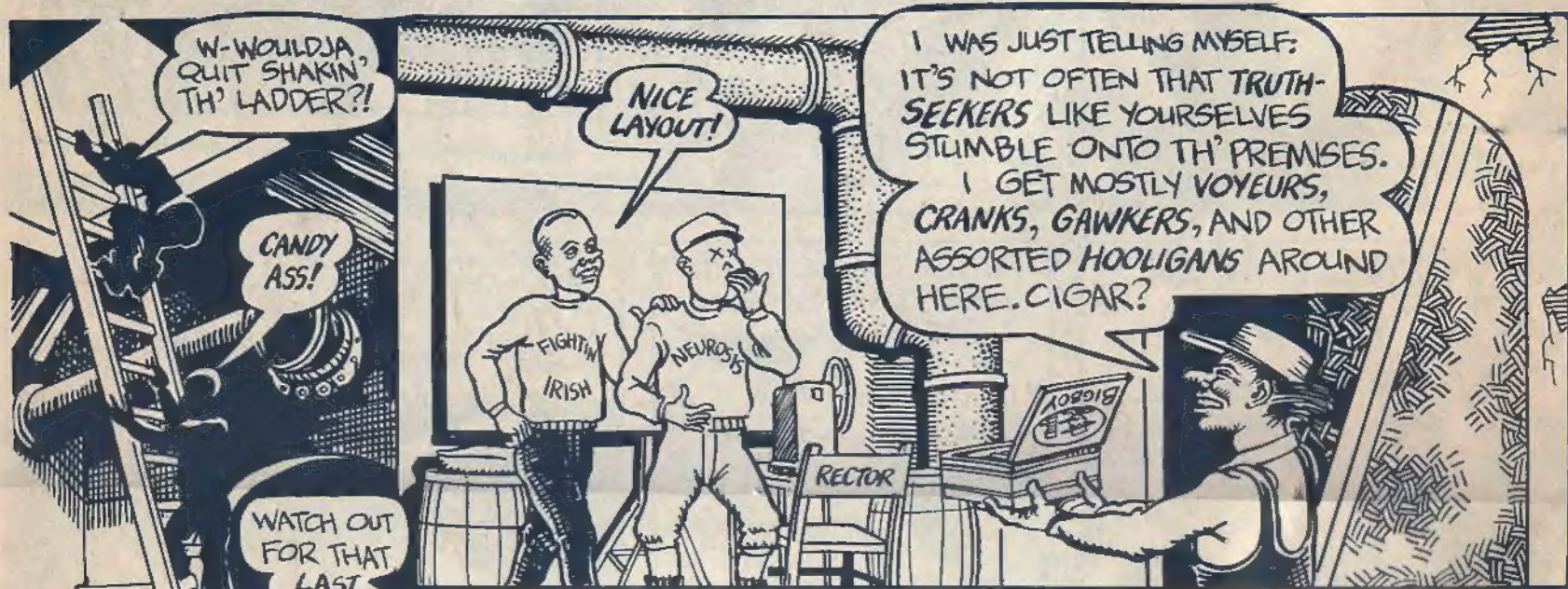
I NEVER SAW SISTER VIRGINIA AGAIN. I SPENT THE REST OF THE SEASON ON MY ASS, MOSTLY IN REVERIES OF THE NEW TAILFINS THAT HAD SO MAGICALLY SPROUTED THAT AUTOMOTIVE YEAR, '55.



WE FELLOW TRAVELEERS

part 2

THE LADS WERE LAST SEEN POKIN' AROUND THE "SAW-CHURCH OF PROFANITY" CHATTING WITH AN IMP WHO SEEMS TO BE IN CHARGE.



I TRIED TO GET VINCENT PRICE TO NARRATE, BUT I COULDN'T AFFORD TO PAY UNION SCALE, SO I HAD TO DO THE JOB MYSELF.



AS YOU KNOW, JESUS, A NICE JEWISH BOY FROM NAZARETH, WAS FRAMED A COUPLE OF THOUSAND YEARS AGO.



IT'S AN OLD STORY, BUT IT'S ALWAYS BEEN BIG BOX OFFICE.



TO THIS DAY, FOLKS CRY OUT HIS NAME WHEN THEY'RE UNDER STRESS.



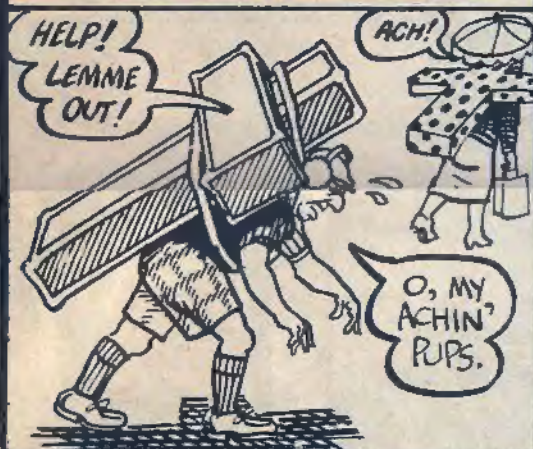
THERE'S MORE TO THE STORY THAN MEETS THE EYE. AFTER ALL, THERE HAVE BEEN MUCH MORE SPECTACULAR ATROCITIES SINCE.



TO ALL THOSE MEMBERS OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION WHO WOULD PREFER TO FORGET ABOUT THIS BLOODY SPECTACLE: GOOD LUCK!



SOME PLOD ALONG IN VOCAL SUFFERING, DEAF TO THE PERSISTENT CRIES OF A VOICE TRAPPED IN THEIR BAGGAGE.



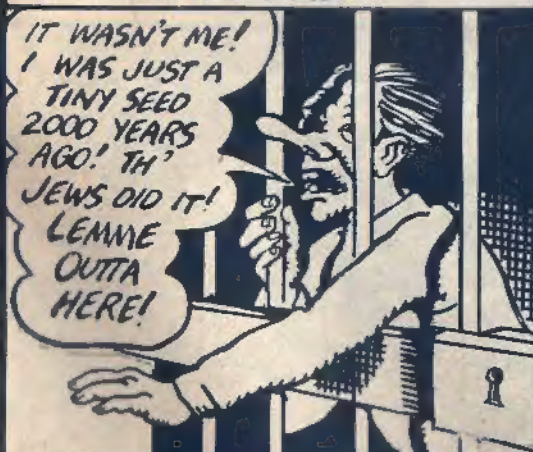
THE CROSS IS A MYSTERY THAT'S PRETTY HARD TO UNRAVEL — AN ETERNAL "WHO-DONE-IT" YOU MIGHT SAY.



IMAGINE YOUR SURPRISE WHEN YOU FIND OUT YOU'RE THE CULPRIT!



THE MORE YOU GRIPE, THE LONGER YOU'VE GOTTA SERVE TIME.



AN IMPORTANT CLUE IS THAT CHRIST'S OLD MAN BAILED OUT ADAM AND EVE WITH THE BLOOD OF HIS SON.



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GET SPRUNG FROM THE JOINT. YOU GOTTA SAY THE MAGIC WORD.



TO DIGRESS FOR A MOMENT, NO TWO PEOPLE CONJURE UP IDENTICAL PICTURES AT THE MERE MENTION OF THE WORD, "BEAR."



AND AS FOR THE ABSOLUTE, ONE AND ONLY CROSS - THERE JUST AIN'T NO SUCH ANIMAL.



SO WHY GO TO JERUSALEM? EVEN THE REAL MCCOY THAT THESE CRUSADERS HANKERED FOR WAS JUST A SOUVENIR.



OF COURSE, YOU DON'T ACTUALLY CARRY A CROSS ON YOUR BACK - IT'S ALL IN YOUR IMAGINATION.



BUT IT TAKES MORE THAN BRAINS TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO RISE FROM THE DEAD PAST.



TAKE A LOAD OFF, BUNKY - OPEN UP THAT CROSS AND SEE WHO'S INSIDE.



THOSE WERE THE DAYS, EH? YOU WERE JUST A L'IL SHAVER NAMED "ADAM" WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD.



THE SAME BUCKAROO WHO KILLS CHRIST, NAMELY YOU, BRANDS MEMORY WITH APPREHENSIONS OF UNWORTHINESS, OR "SIN."



THE CUSS-CROSS IS A MONUMENT DEDICATED TO THE IDEA THAT PAST WRONGS ARE INDELIBLE.



OFTEN A BEAUTIFUL VIEW IS OBSTRUCTED BY THESE ENGRAVED PLANKS, WHICH LOOM UP IN PARADISE LIKE BILLBOARDS.

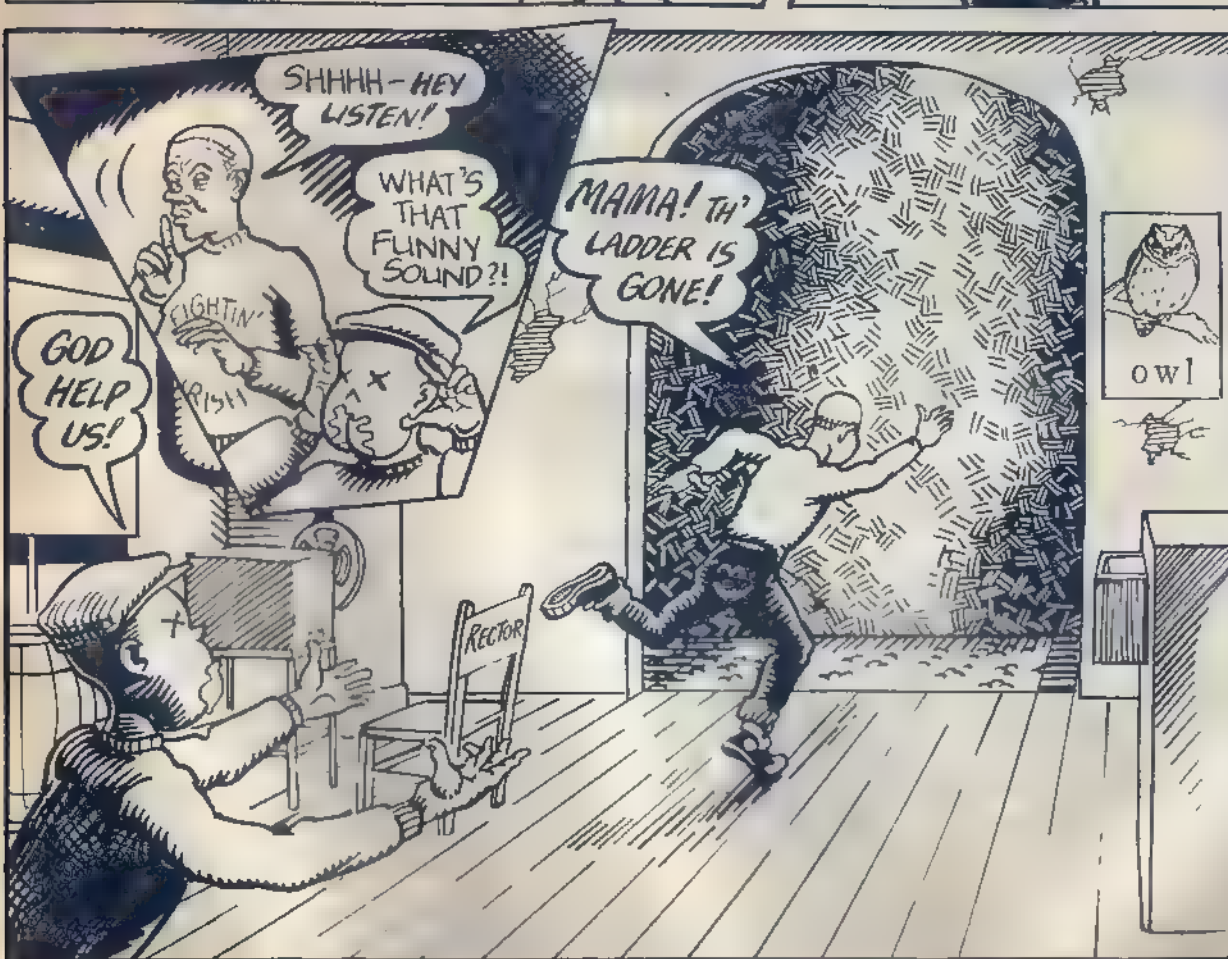
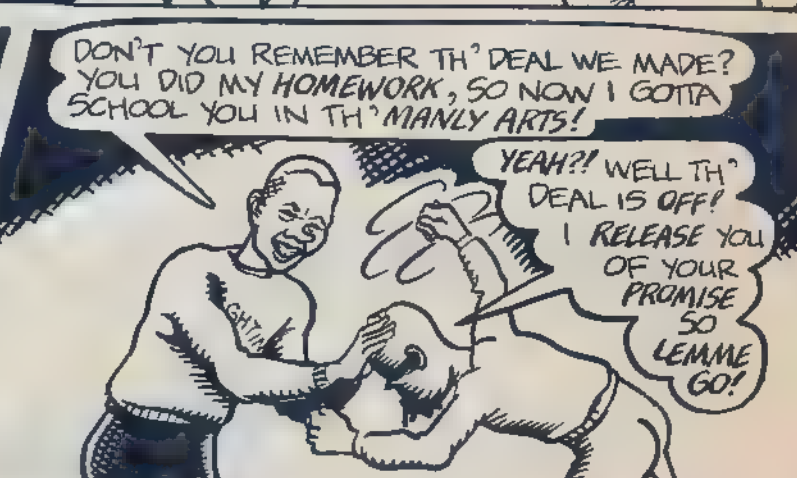
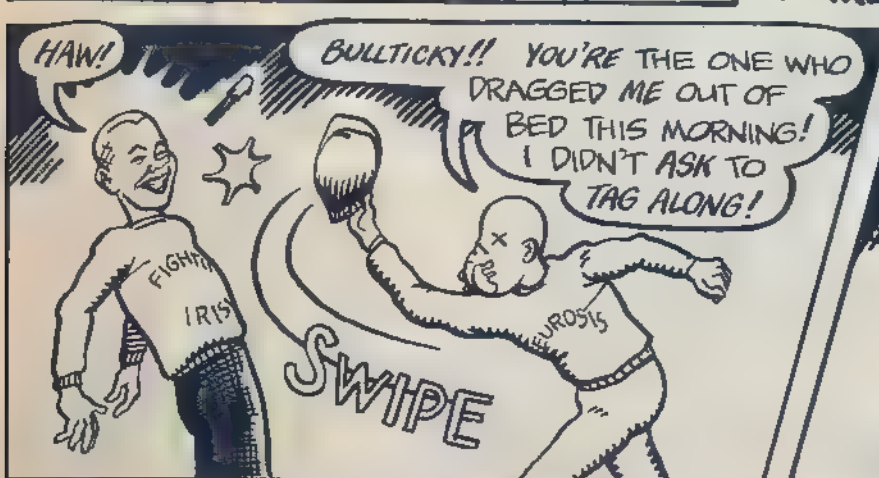
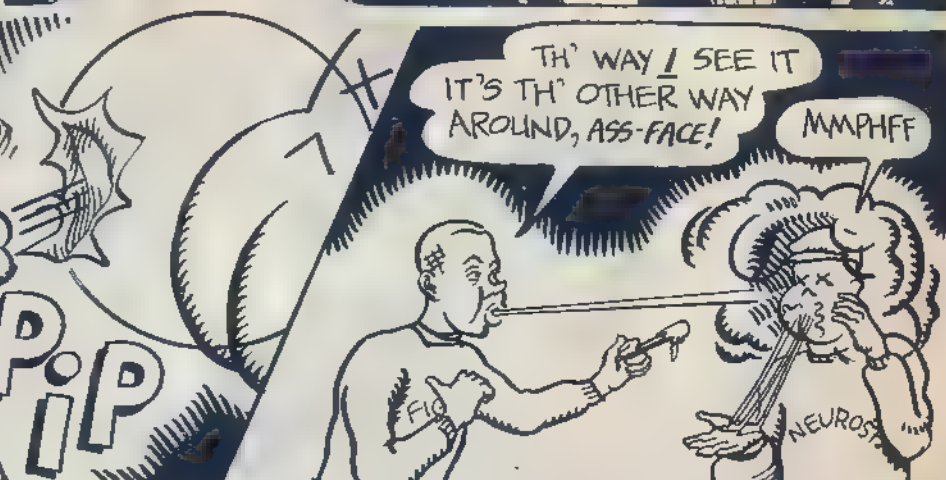
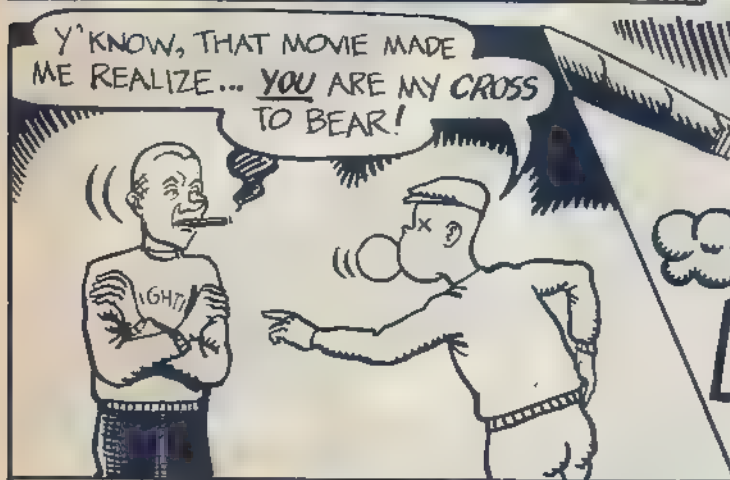
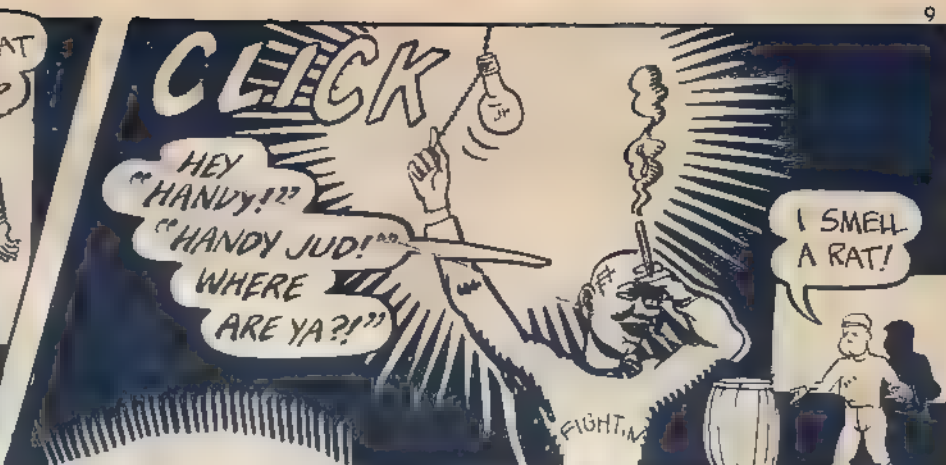
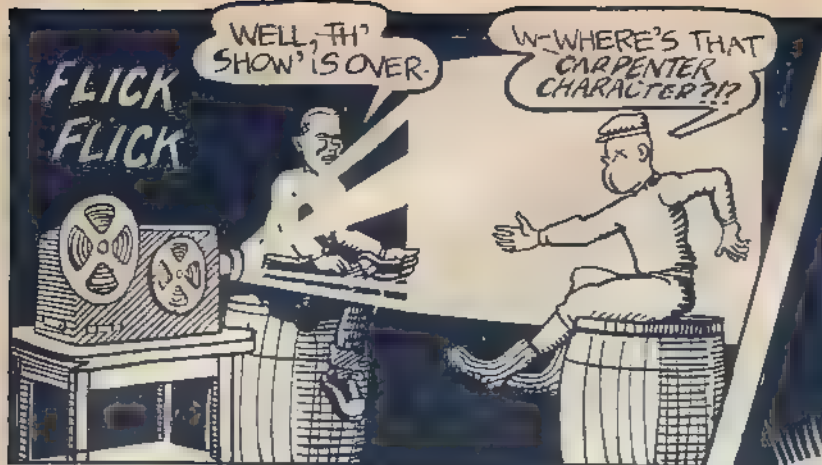


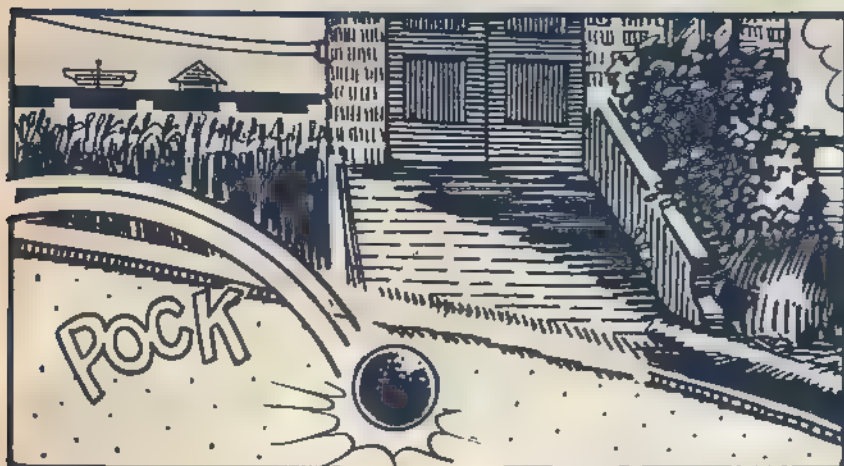
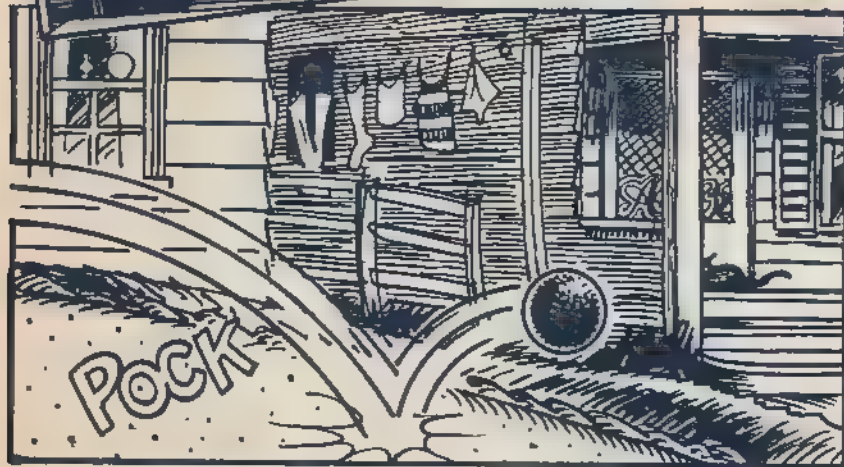
"TIMBER!" THE EYESORE BITES THE DUST WITH A HEARTY "THUD," AND THE BEAT GOES ON.



THE "OPEN SESAME" IS ONE OF THE SMALLEST WORDS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

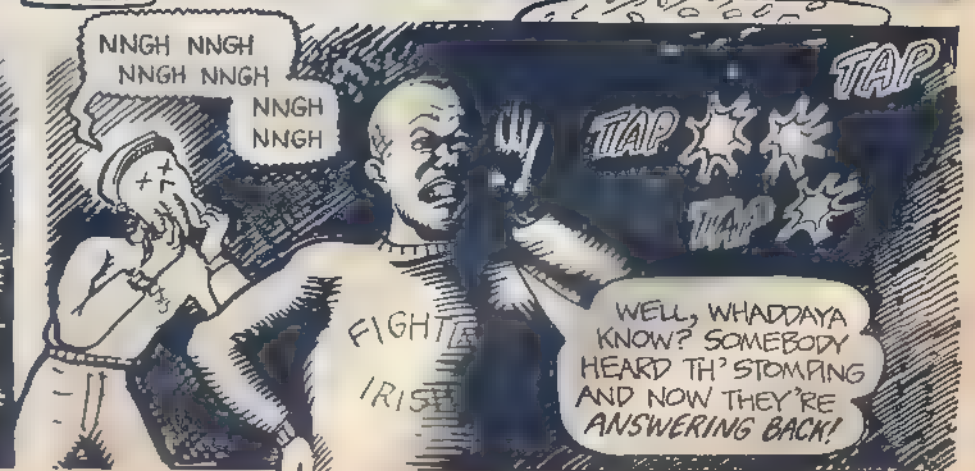
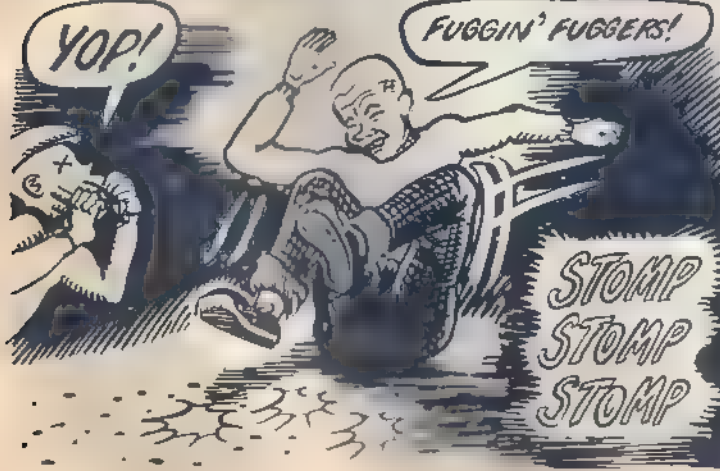
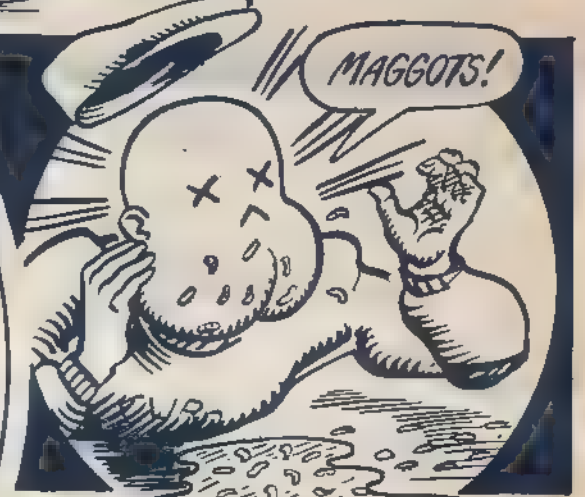
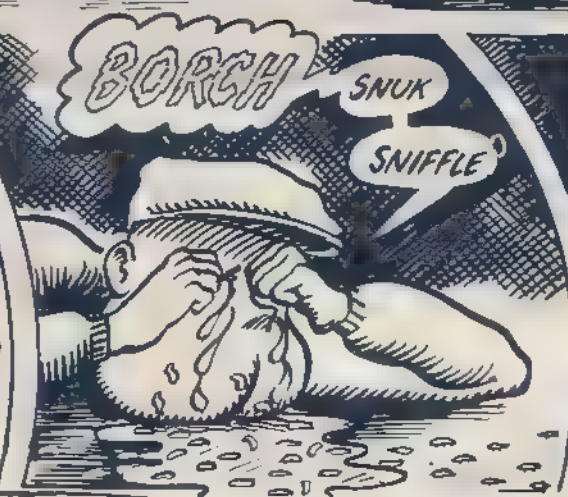
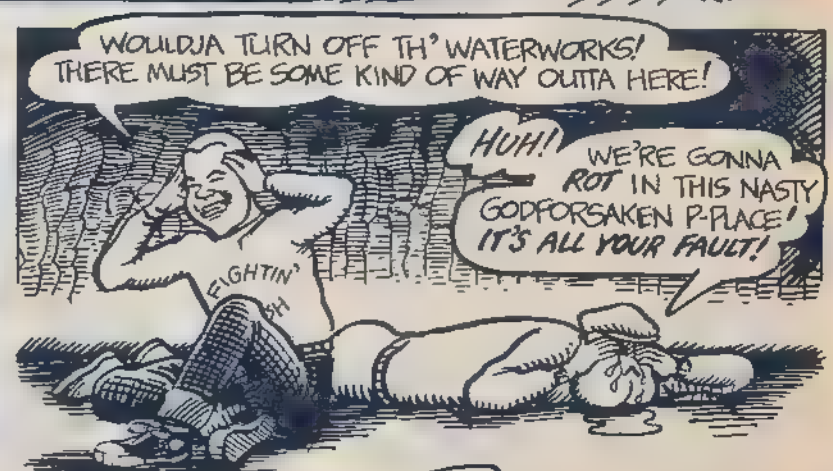






WE FELLOW TRAVELEERS

FATE HAS LED OUR LITTLE LAMBS INTO A TACKY SITUATION: THEY'RE MAROONED IN THE BASEMENT OF A HERETICAL HOUSE OF WORSHIP, "CALLED THE SAW-CHURCH OF PROFANITY." ENTICED BY A "RECTOR" TO DESCEND A LADDER TO VIEW HIS PROPAGANDA FILM *THE CUSS-CROSS AND ITS SAW*, NO SOONER HAD THE WORD, "FINIS" FLICKERED OFF THE SCREEN, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES WITH NO EXIT.



WHAT'S THE USE? WE'RE DOOMED! DOOMED I TELL YOU!

NOW THEY'RE MOVIN' AWAY FROM US! I GOT A HUNCH THAT WHOEVER OR WHATEVER IS BEHIND THAT WALL IS GIVIN' US A CLUE AS TO HOW TO GET OUTTA HERE!

PROPERTY OF MARVEL COMICS

DAMAGED SCHW NNN SPRING	DOSSIER ON RECTOR WILSON	SERMON TAPES
WORST FEARS 1972	CROSS-HATCHIN' RIFFS	SNAPPY COME BACKS

TAP TAP

I'LL STOMP BACK SO THEY'LL KNOW WE'RE FOLLOWING!

HOW DO WE KNOW THIS ISN'T JUST A TRICK?

STOMP STOMP STOMP

EEYAH!

YOU STOMPED ON A RUSTY NAIL!! N-NOW YOU'RE GONNA GET... LOCKJAW!

OW

F-FIRST YOUR FACE IS GONNA F-FREEZE, THEN YOU GO INTO A COMA, THEN A F-FEVER, THEN YOU DIE!!

CAN TH' DRAMATICS, WOULDJA?

TAPE TAP

HUH?

NOW LISTEN TO ME, ASS-FACE! BE COOL, FAST!

OUR ONLY WAY OUT IS TO FOLLOW THAT TAPPING (UNH! GETTING WEAK) YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO CARRY ME!

BUH BUH BUT

TAP TAP

B-BETTER TAKE MY SWITCHBLADE, KID! MIGHT C-COME IN H-HAND-HANDY UNH JAW HURTS UNH

SWITCHBLADE?? JESUS, MARY & ST. JOSEPH!!

THIS IS IT!

GOOG NNN GOOG GLH

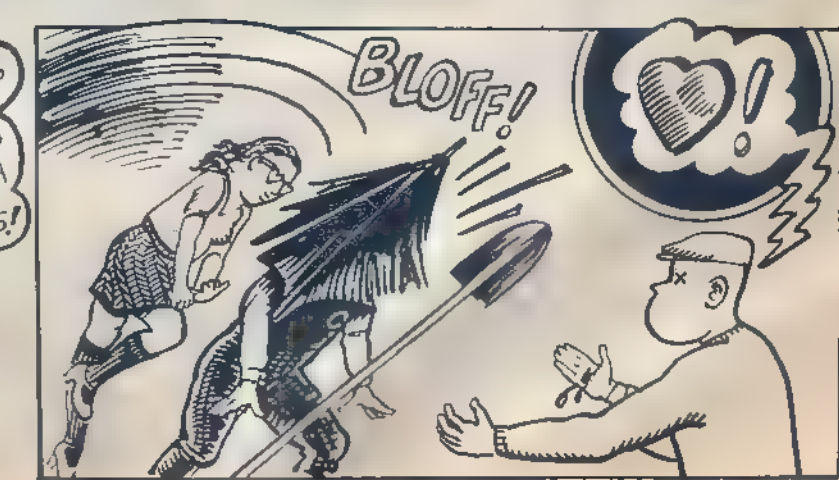
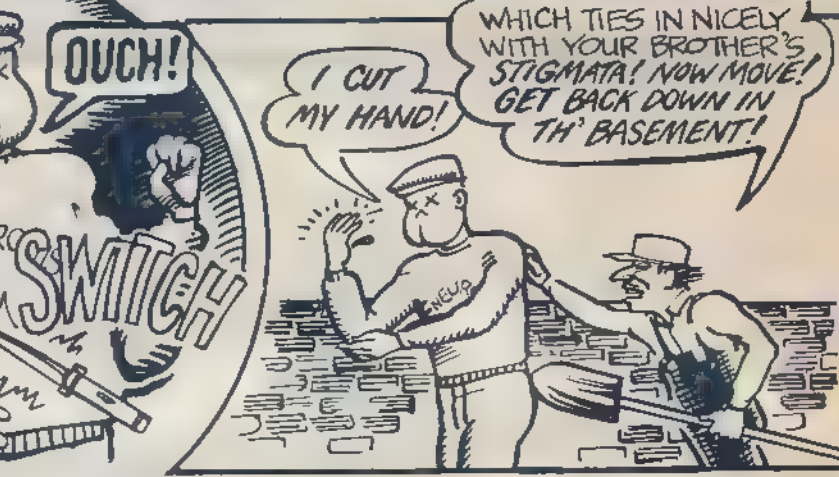
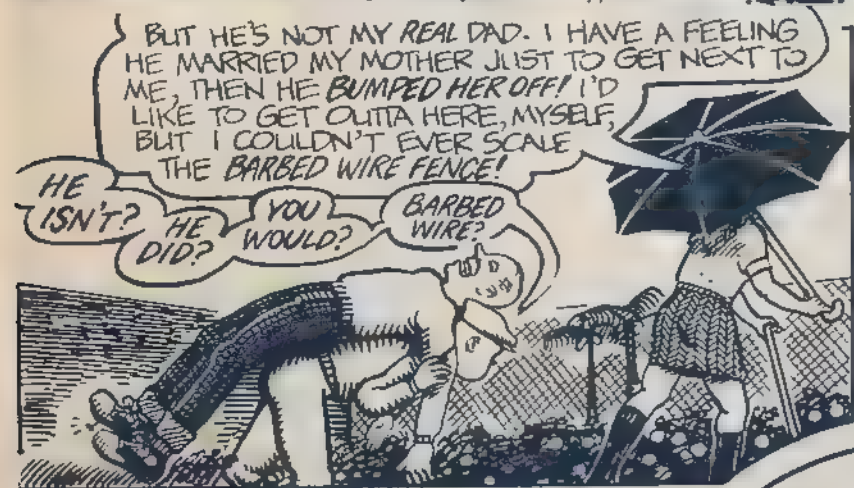
OOF! HE MUST WEIGH A TON!

GLH GLH

TAP TAP TAP

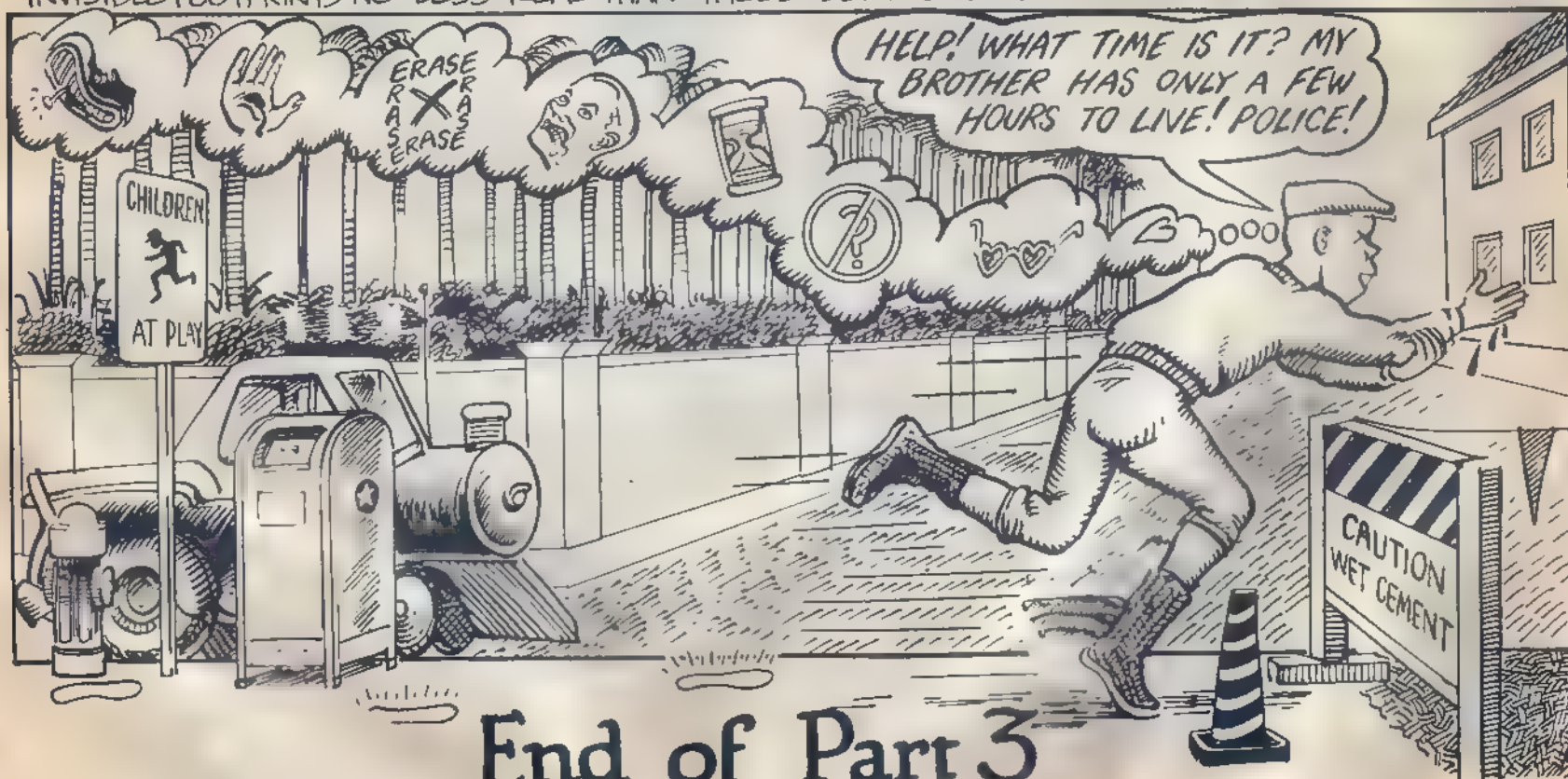
W-WONDER IF I'M GOIN' TO HELL. I KNOW HE IS. EVEN THOUGH WE'RE GONERS DOWN HERE, IT WOULD BE A SIN NOT TO TRY TO SAVE HIS PELT, SO I GUESS I SHOULD FOLLOW THAT TAPPING...

CREAK





UNAWARE THAT THE GIRL HE LOVES IS GETTING HER BUNS BUSTERED, NEUROSIS CAREENS OVER THE FENCE, THROUGH THE TREES, AND INTO THE REAL WORLD, BRANDING THIN AIR ITSELF WITH HIS THOUGHTS: INVISIBLE FOOTPRINTS NO LESS REAL THAN THOSE LEFT BEHIND ON THE PAVEMENT.



End of Part 3

THE BATHOS PLAYHOUSE

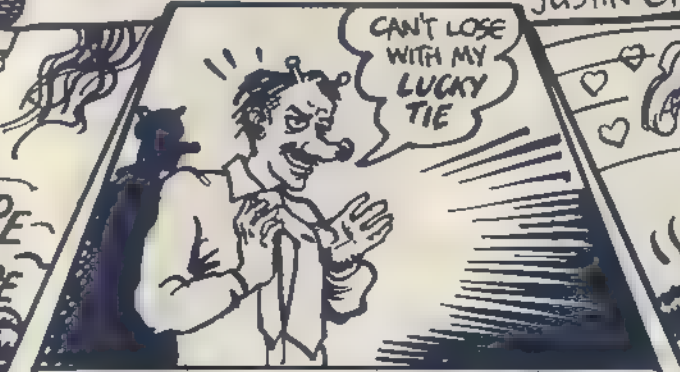
presents

"End of the Line"

JUSTIN GREEN



LOVE IS LIMBO, SORT OF,
WHEN YOU CAN'T BE SATISFIED.



MOREOVER, LOVE IS 100,000,
'CAUSE YOUR CLOTHES GET DEIFIED.



LOVE CAN GET LIKE JUDO,
IF YOUR SOUL IS OPEN WIDE.

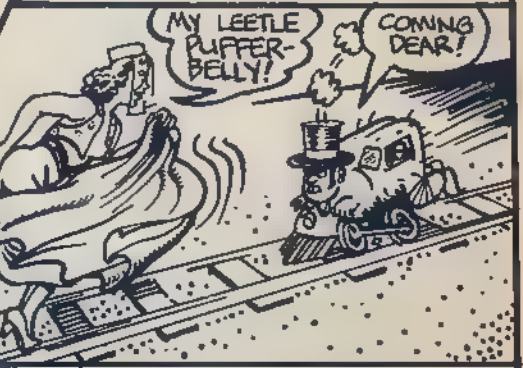
LOVE WILL DRIVE YOU CUCKOO
IF SHE GOES OUT ON THE SIDE.



LOVE SURE IS A LULU
WHEN IT ENDS IN SUICIDE.



ARE YOU JUST A CHOO-CHOO
TO SOME MATADORESS BRIDE?



CLOUDS OF NAILS WAIT FOR YOU
AT THE END OF YOUR LAST RIDE.

"WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, THE TOUGH GET GOING." COACH DICKERSON

WE FELLOW TRAVELLERS



DOKTOR! VON OF YOUR AMERIKANISCH COUNTRYMEN MIT X'S IN DER EYES! I KID YOU NOT! KOMMEN SCHNELL!

Ho Ho Ho

EH?

AND THERE'S THIS "CHURCH" WITH A FRANKENSTEIN ON THE ALTAR, I'M TELLING YOU! SOMEBODY!! CONTACT THE AUTHORITIES!

Ho Ho Ho

SORRY SONNY, I CAN'T TOUCH THEM X'S YOU GOT FOR EYEBALLS! THE A.M.A. WOULD DRUM ME OUT OF TOWN IF I DIDN'T SEND YOU TO AN EYE SPECIALIST!

NO, NO, NOT MY EYES! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'M LUCKY TO HAVE A MOUTH! BUT MY BROTHER HAS ONLY GOT A FEW HOURS TO LIVE!!

LISTEN, POPS!

WE HAVEN'T GOT ONE MINUTE TO LOSE!

THAT'S RIGHT! LOOK HIM IN THE EYE! TALK FROM THE STOMACH!

FLASH BACK

AS THE TWO PEDAL AGAINST DEATH, THE GOOD DOCTOR IS ACQUAINTED WITH THE EVENTS THAT HAVE TRANSPIRED IN THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

I'LL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO SAVE HIS HIDE BUT IF THE BOY HASN'T GOT THE WILL TO LIVE, THERE AIN'T A DAMN THING I CAN DO!

AND ONLY THIS MORNING HE WAS DRAGGIN ME BY MY NECK!

KNOCK KNOCK

THERE IT IS! THE SAW-CHURCH OF PROFANITY! THOSE DUMB BUNNIES LAUGHED AT ME WHEN I TOLD 'EM ABOUT THE BLASPHEMY - WELL, I'LL BE THE TOAST O' THE TOWN WHEN I MOUNT THE WITNESS STAND TO EXPOSE THAT BASTARD!

CUSS-MARKS ON THE CROSS?! HARLIMPH

I'LL DO EVERYTHING IN MY POWER TO SAVE HIS HIDE BUT IF THE BOY HASN'T GOT THE WILL TO LIVE, THERE AIN'T A DAMN THING I CAN DO!

AND ONLY THIS MORNING HE WAS DRAGGIN ME BY MY NECK!

KNOCK KNOCK

NO ANSWER?! I'LL OPEN IT FROM THE OTHER SIDE. HERE... HOLD MY BAG!

YOU MEAN YOU AREN'T MADE OF FLESH & BLOOD?

NOT IN THIS DIMENSION, SONNY.

BUT THEN YOU AIN'T EXACTLY A "HUMAN BEING" YOURSELF. HUH! THAT'S WHAT MY DYING BROTHER HINTS AT WHEN HE CALLS ME "IMAGINARY," BUT HE'LL CHANGE HIS TUNE WHEN HE FINDS OUT I SAVED HIS LIFE!

JUST AROUND THE CORNER YOU'RE A MAN OF YOUR WORD, KID! I SEE YOU BROUGHT BACK SOME "PROFESSIONAL MEDICAL HELP." BUT DON'T WORRY, I ADMINISTERED SOME FIRST-AID - HE'S GONNA LIVE!

STAND ASIDE, YOU IMPOSTOR! WHERE'S THE LITTLE BLIND GIRL?

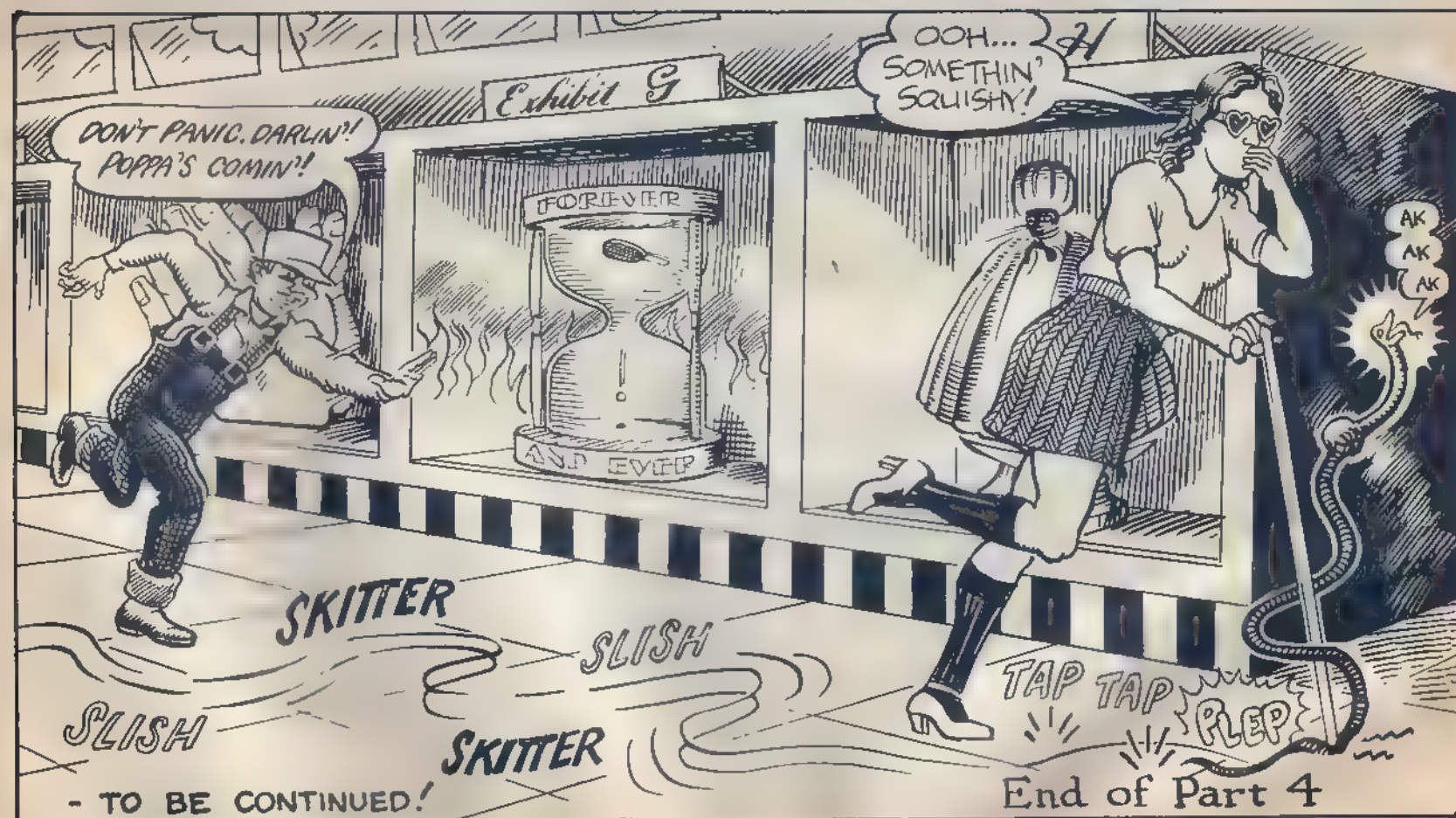
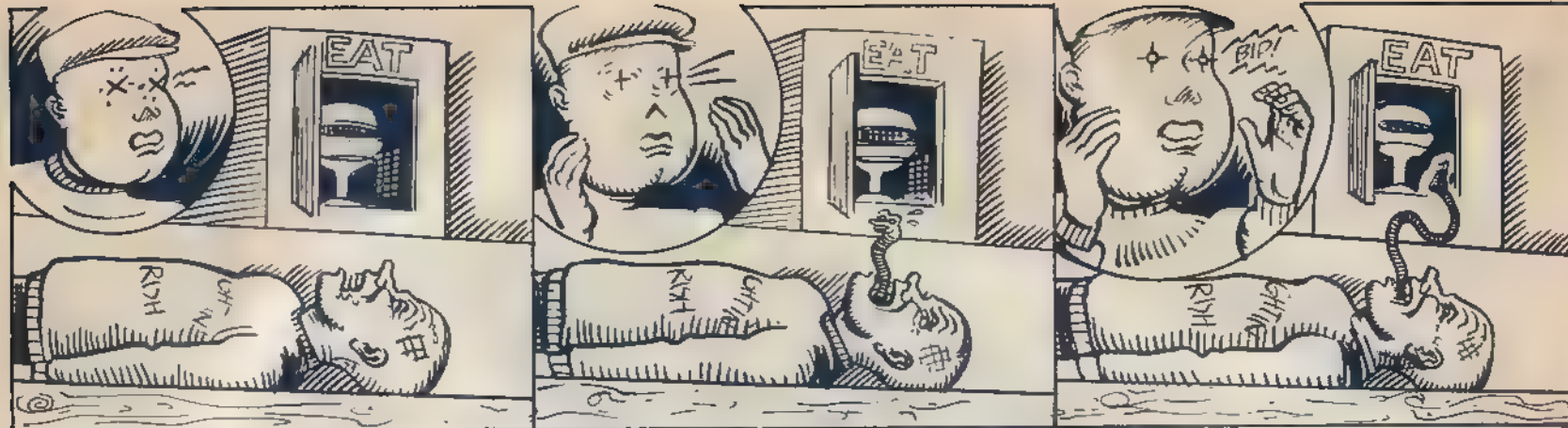
GOOD LORD!

WHY, THIS WOUND IS DRESSED IN A POTATO SACK! TSKTSK I'LL NEED SOME BOILING WATER, PRONTO!

TWEET!

WELL?! YOU HEARD HIM!

MIN MIN
MIN
MIN



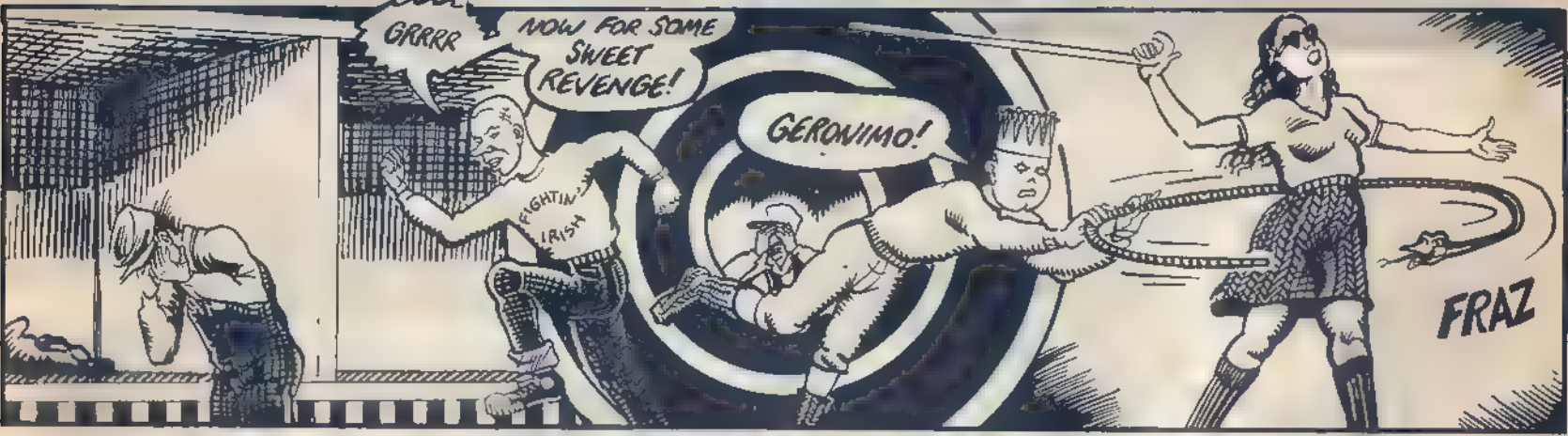
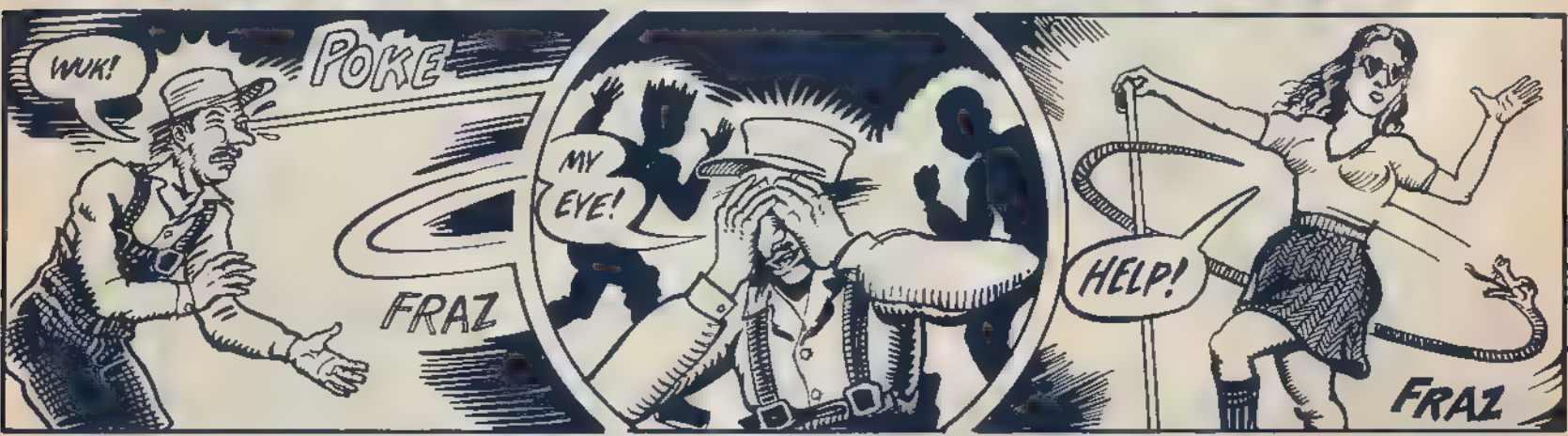


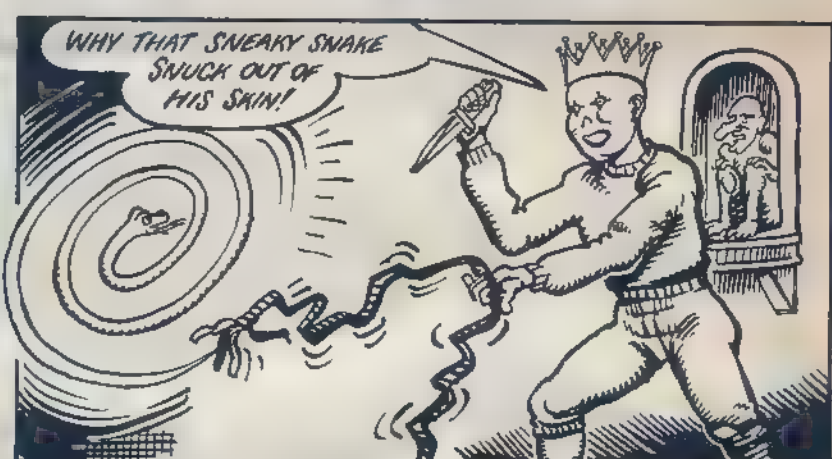
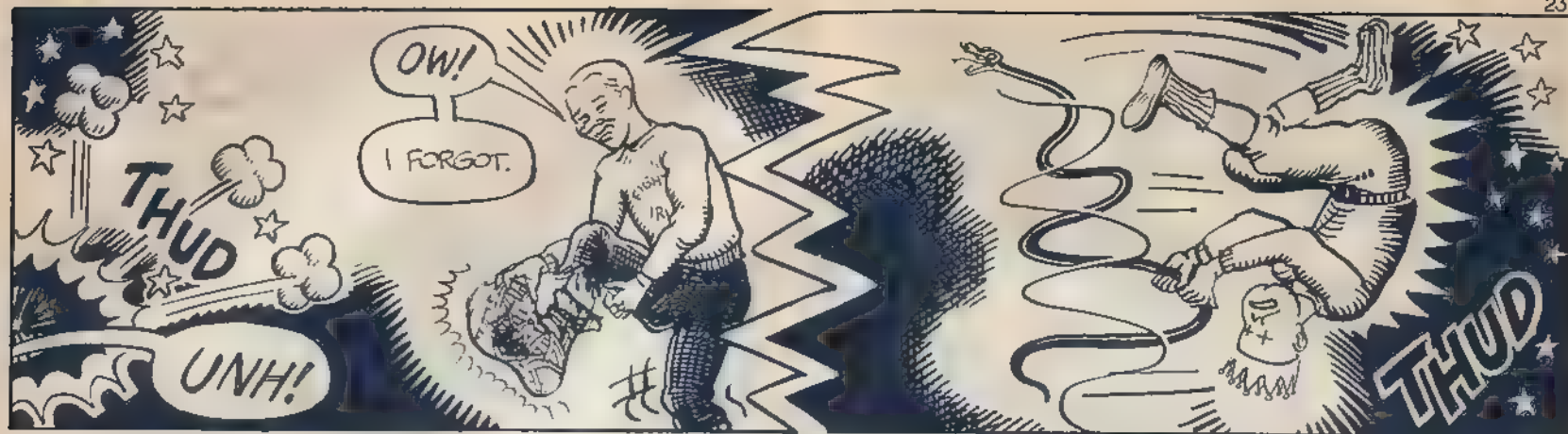
THE GATES OF PURGATORY

© 1976 JUSTIN GREEN

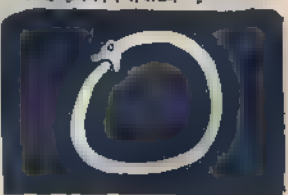
THE CONCLUSION ~ 5

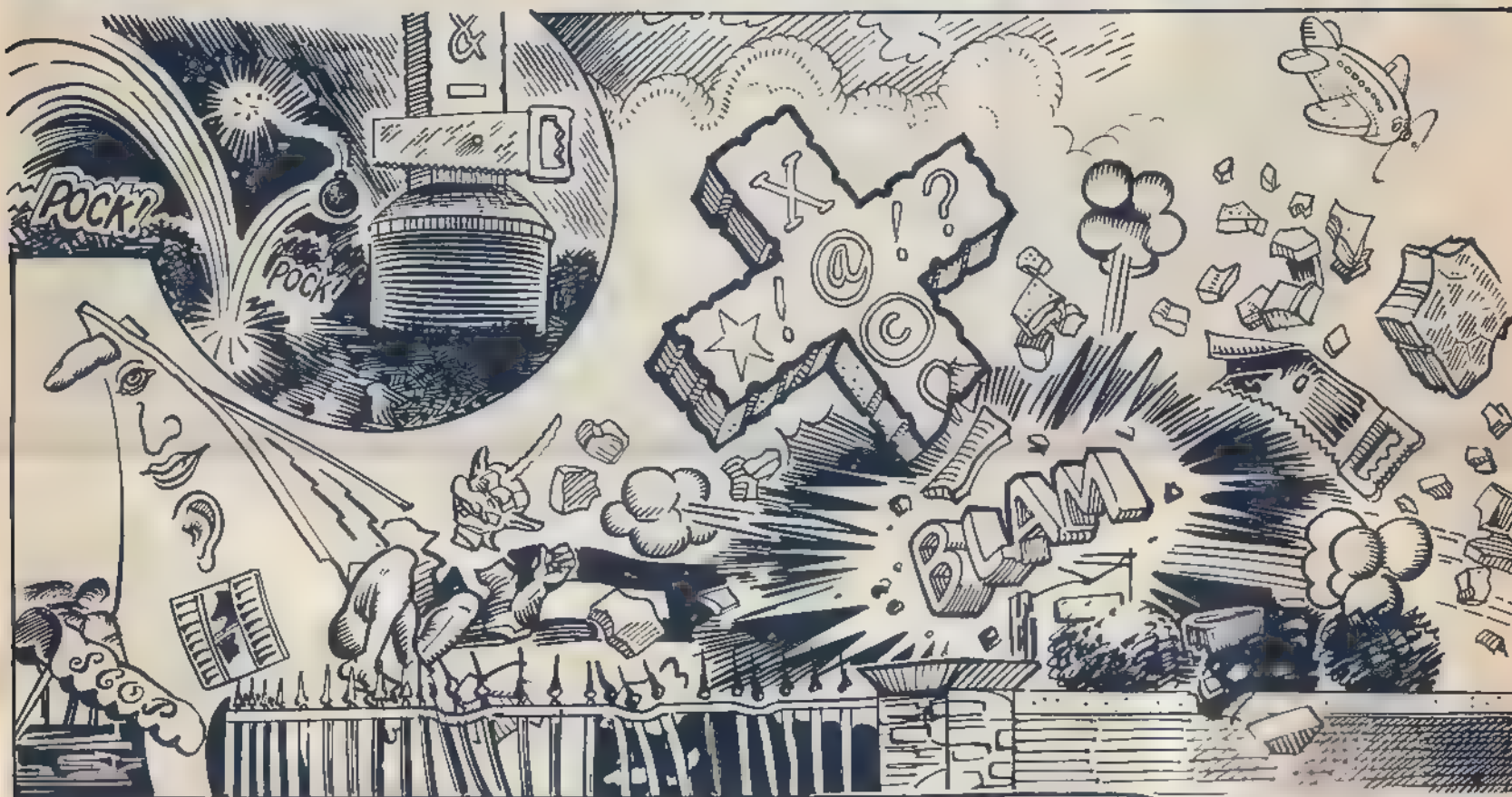
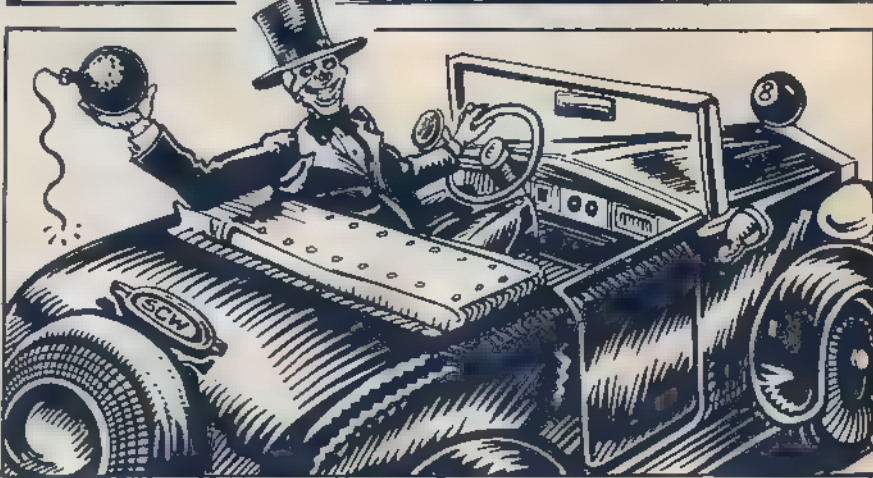
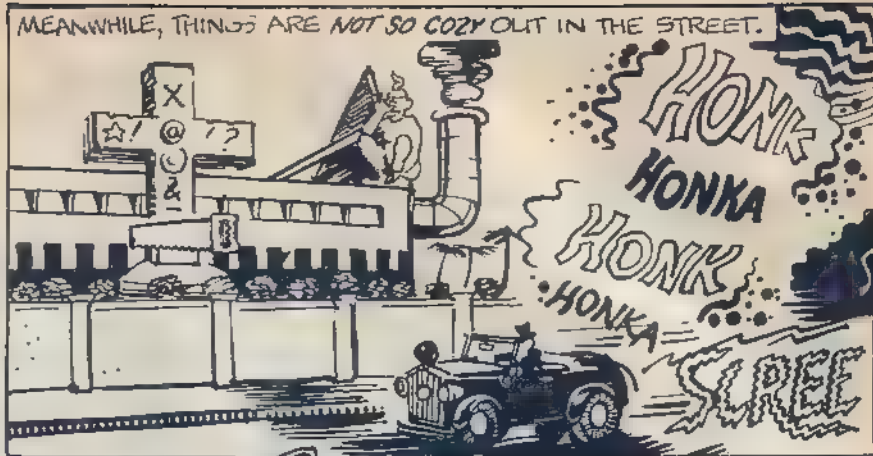
WE FELLOW TRAVELERS

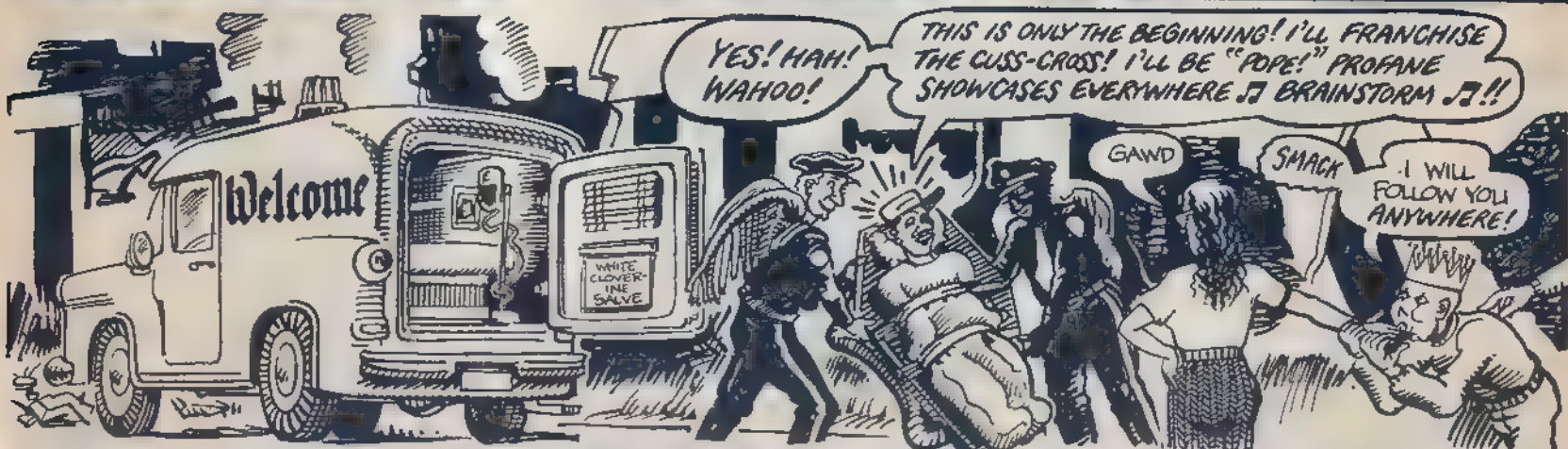
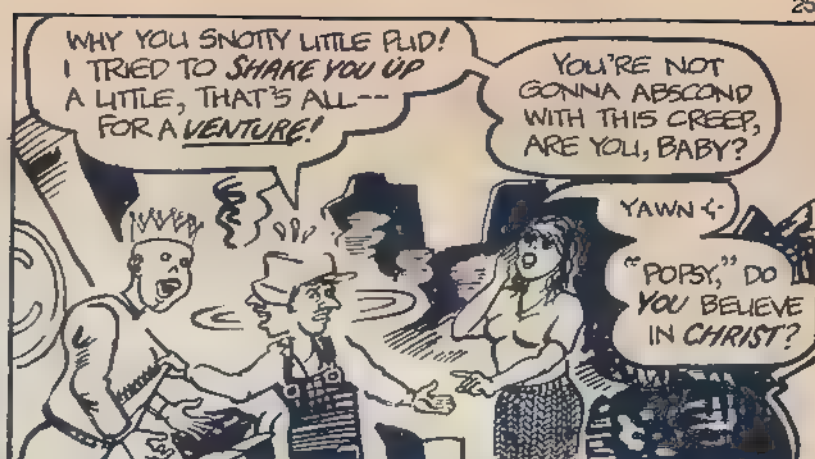
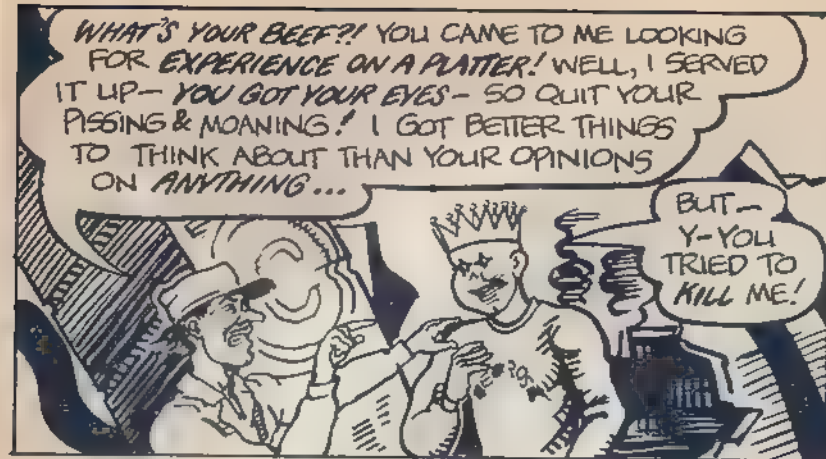




WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF OUR UNSOLICITED SNAKE, BUT WHAT OF THE TRAVELEERS? CAN THEIR DESTINIES BE DISMANTLED WITH SO ARBITRARILY?









Mark was having a bad day. He had burned the toast and his eggs had come out rubbery with that crinkly brown edge he hated. As he rode his beat-up bicycle to pick up his unemployment check, the ride suddenly became hard and erratic, and he realized his back tire was flat. Now he would have to walk the thing the rest of the way downtown, and be late for his appointment. He tried to be objective about these mishaps, but he couldn't think himself out of the feeling that getting out of bed had been a mistake. In a way, he despised being on unemployment. What was supposed to be a long, government-sponsored vacation was at times more like a dull sentence to limbo. His feeling could have been affected by the fact that Mark was receiving only \$52.00 every two weeks, two dollars more than the minimum rate.

Mark waited in line for his cash and put it in his shirt pocket when the cashier handed it to him. He left the building and walked his lame bike across Bryant St. He was not sure where he was headed, but more or less just followed the general flow of his fellow unemployed. He noticed a man a few yards ahead who was not walking but standing under the freeway overpass looking around anxiously. He was short, foreign-looking and rather non-descript, but he seemed to notice Mark at the same moment. Letting several people pass him, he spoke as Mark approached.

"Meester, can you help me, I am lost. I must find thees address."

He showed Mark a scrap of paper while he continued. The paper read: Eagle Rock Hotel, 45 Pea Green St.

"The woman, she give me thees address she say to meet her there but I no can find thees street. I am sailor from Hamacca and I don't know city. Can you tell me where thees street?"

"A woman gave you this address?"

"Yes, I get off boat at Valley-Joe and take Grey Dog Bus to the Grey Dog Bus Shed. I meet thees woman. She say to meet her at thees place in half hour."

"Where is she now?" Mark asked.

"She go to get drink to bring to room so we

can make like man and wife. I am at sea for many months. I no have woman for many months. I see thees woman, bery fine woman, she say give me money now I see you later so I give her fifty dollar to get drink so we can make like man and wife."

"You gave her fifty dollars?"

The sailor implored Mark to understand "I at sea many month, make much money. I no have smaller dollar."

He took a fat roll of bills from his coat pocket, folded in half and held with a rubber band. The bill on the outside was a fifty. He waved the wad at Mark to punctuate his description. Mark was somewhat touched by this man's innocence and naivete.

"Man, this address doesn't exist! It's phony... That woman gypped you out of \$50.00."

The sailor didn't want to believe it. He protested that she seemed honest to him, still waving the roll at Mark.

"You better put that money away. You have to be careful with that much money." The sailor stuck it back into his coat pocket. He seemed confounded by the situation, and he snatched the scrap of paper from Mark, insisting that it must be real.

"Thees address O.K. I trust thees woman. She say to me give me money and meet me. She say if I no can find thees place to ask the first black man I see."

At that exact moment, a black man was walking past on the sidewalk.

He was dressed in green. He had one of those sweaters that is two-tone green with suede panels in the front, green slacks with sharp creases, green alligator loafers with fake gold buckles, and even green socks showing below tapered pant legs that stopped too soon. His walk was more like a bounce, with his chest stuck out in front and his butt stuck out in back. In a volley of pidgin English, the sailor thrust his predicament at this man, repeating all the same details he had told Mark off the boat at Valley-Joe, the Grey Dog Bus Shed, the woman and the address. Again he brandished the roll of bills dramatically. The black man was quick to take hand of the situation.

"Hey man, don't flash a roll in broad daylight like that. Somebody see that and chase you all over town to hit you up beside yo' haid an' take it away fum you. Ain't that right?" This was directed at Mark who muttered agreement. The sailor put the money back in his shabby coat. The black man kept talking.

"Now I happen to be a cab driver. I'm on my day off today but I can tell you without a doubt that there ain't no 'Pea Green' street in 'Frisco.' You got to be more careful who you give your money to. Not everyone in the city is to be trusted."

The sailor began to accept the fact that he had been had for the fifty. But his initial impulse remained.

"I no care about money, have much money. I think you good men. I give you five dollars each you tell me where I can go find woman and make like man and wife."

"Well, I tell you... what's your name?"

"My name Juan."

"Juan, you are lucky you met two dudes who don't mind helping a guy out. What's your name, brother?"

"Mark."

"Alright. My name is Bruce. Juan, you are lucky. Now, I'm a cab driver so I know what's happening in the city, and I can put you on to a good house not far from here run by a good lady named Ruthie. Ruthie will treat you square, and fix you up good. But I want you to know, Juan, that I'm a working man, I work six days a week drivin' a cab and today's my day off. I'm pretty well fixed for cash, so I'm not doin' you a favor 'cause I'm gonna make a fin. You lost fifty today already, so I want to show you that not everyone in this city is out to get you. You can see I don't need the dough." The cabbie took out his wallet, and opened it up to show the sailor. Mark did not see the money inside.

"And I would bet you that Mark here didn't stop to help you 'cause he needed money, am I right, Mark? Show the man how you're fixed."

Mark felt a little guilty for hoping to make money on this chance encounter, but he did sympathize with the sailor before the money had



entered the picture. He slid his unemployment money into view from his shirt pocket. Juan seemed to accept this as a show of good faith, and the three began walking, presumably in the direction of the warehouse. Bruce continued his smooth chatter.

"Now Juan, most people in this city will treat you fair and not try to burn you, and this house we're gonna show you is a good place. But you got t'be cool carryin' all that cash on you, especially with the girls. I know they're good girls, but you gotta be careful."

The sailor thought about this.

"I must be careful, Is lot of money! Maybe I no should take money to room with girl." An idea seized him and he stopped walking to make his point.

"I give each of you ten dollar to hold my money while I go up with woman."

The cabbie said, "That's not a bad idea, Juan, but I'm kind of on my way somewhere. Maybe Mark here would sit with your dough."

This idea had a certain appeal to Mark. Not only would he make ten dollars, but he would find out what the inside of a warehouse was like without actually having to be there for business, which he had always thought would be embarrassing. So he said, "Sure, I'll sit with it."

Juan continued to be pensive, as if the conversation had provoked a latent sense of caution in him.

"My captain on boat tell me, in America no one trust other man. How I know you don't take my money while I with woman?"

Mark attempted reassurance, but the cabbie interrupted.

"Man, you don't need to worry. I can tell Mark is honest I think I would trust him."

The sailor didn't seem satisfied, but he had another idea.

"I give you twenny-five dollar and I give you twenny-five dollar if you both sit with money I

trust two men, one man to watch other."

The cab driver said, "Okay, Juan, I'll sit too, just to show you that one fellow can trust another in this country, right Mark?"

Mark agreed. He was a little astonished by the sailor's eagerness to spend money in pursuit of pussy, but he thought, what do I know about being at sea for six months. The three continued walking, the arrangement settled. A conversation about trust began amongst them.

Juan said, "My captain tell me man in America don't trust other man. He say black man don't trust white man."

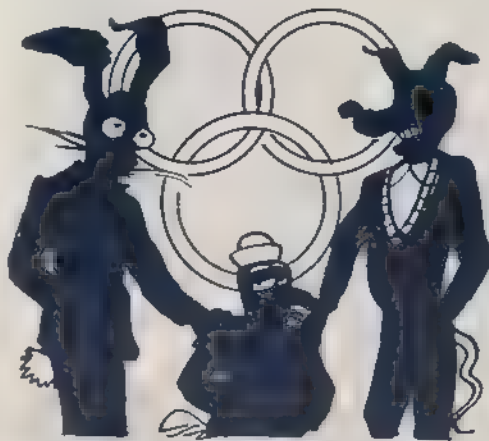
Bruce scoffed at this. "That ain't true, man. This is a great country and it didn't get that way because people didn't trust each other. Am I right Mark?"

Mark said, "Right."

"My captain tell me in some part of American white man no speak to black man."

Bruce was quick to reply. "That may be true in the South, but this is San Francisco, man, this city is different. In this city, people trust each other. There's lots of good feeling and brotherhood here. Mark here will tell you the same."

"He's right, Juan. This city is different." Mark's contribution to this conversation seemed to consist of agreement with what Bruce said; but he felt pleased to be in this triangle of strangers, talking about brotherhood, when only moments ago he had been depressed about things in general.



The sailor continued to repeat critical things his captain had told him about America, and the taxi driver continued to reassure him that it was really okay here, if you ran into the right people. They had walked about five blocks together, to a part of downtown where a lot of buildings had been torn down, and new ones hadn't been built. There were some old businesses and warehouses, but no residences in sight. Suddenly they stopped. The sailor seemed nervous.

"Maybe I give you money now, before we get to house." He stuffed the wad of bills into Mark's jacket pocket. "I know sure about thees. I hear many bad story. I no think black man trust white man. I no sure."

Bruce came in on the beat. "Look, man, I can prove to you that I trust a guy like Mark. Take your dough back for a minute." The sailor quickly snatched the roll from Mark's pocket. Bruce took out his wallet and stuck it in the same pocket where Juan's money had just been.

"Now Mark has all the cash I have on me—you saw it, right? I want you two to go around that corner there out of sight and wait two minutes I'll just stay right here and wait for you to come back. Will that prove to you that I trust Mark with my money?"

Juan said, "You wait here? You not run after us?"

"That's right. Go ahead."

It seemed a little crazy to both Mark and Juan, but they went ahead and walked around the corner out of Bruce's sight.

Juan spoke. "I always hear black man hate white man. I think he come to get money back." Mark said he thought he wouldn't.

After two minutes, they walked back. Bruce was leaning against the building where they had left him, looking slightly nervous, as if he wasn't completely sure about all this. But he beamed when they walked up to him.

"There you go, Juan my man. You walked out of my sight and I trusted you to come back."

Juan seemed impressed. "O.K., I think now you trust thees white man. But how I know he trust you?"

"You trust me, don't you, Mark? Here, show Juan the same way I did. Let me see your scratch."

Mark had a natural inclination not to give this man his money, but this strange drama had come so far that Mark thought it would be awkward to end it now. It would prove he really didn't trust Bruce and that the sailor had been right all along. Reluctantly, he handed Bruce his money. Bruce counted it very fast.

"Fifty-two, right?"

Mark thought he detected a note of disappointment, as if Bruce was saying, is that all?

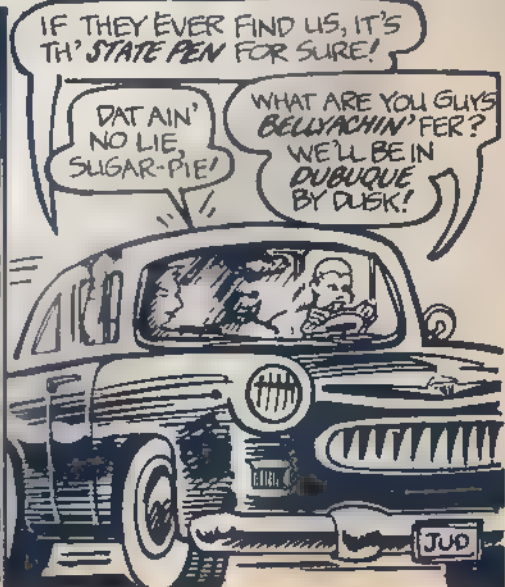
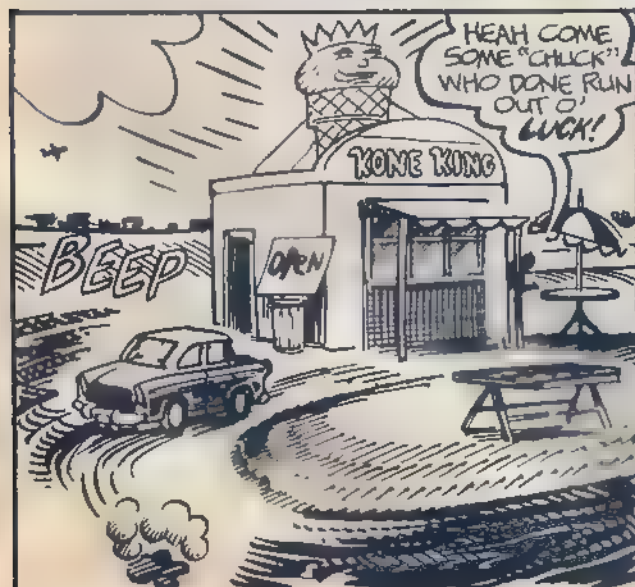
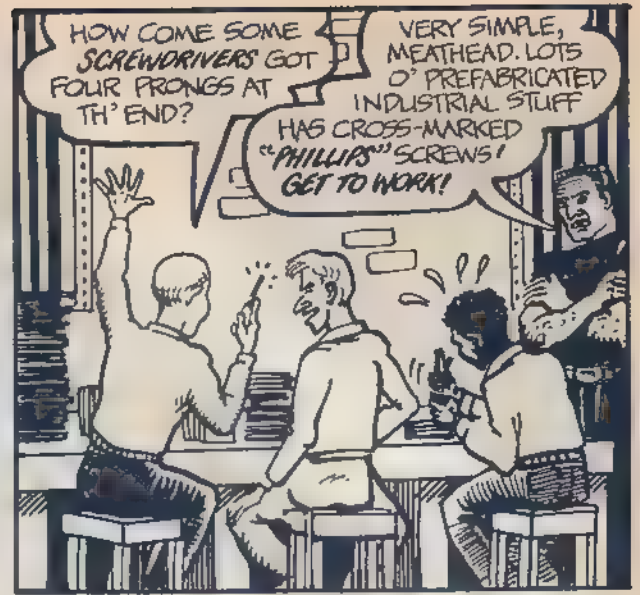
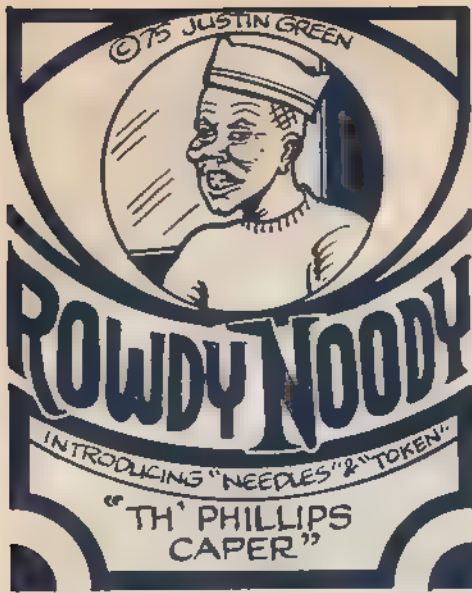
"Right, man."

"O.K. We'll walk around the corner and wait for two minutes and then we'll come back."

The image of the black man in green and the scruffy sailor from Jamaica disappearing around the corner repeated itself until it was permanently imprinted on Mark's brain. At the police station, a uniformed cop and a detective with his sleeves rolled up listened sympathetically, but only until Mark mentioned the scrap of paper. He shrunk in his chair as their laughter boomed off the grey walls.

"The Eagle Rock Hotel on Pea Green Street! Haw haw! They've been using that same address for FIFTY YEARS!!"





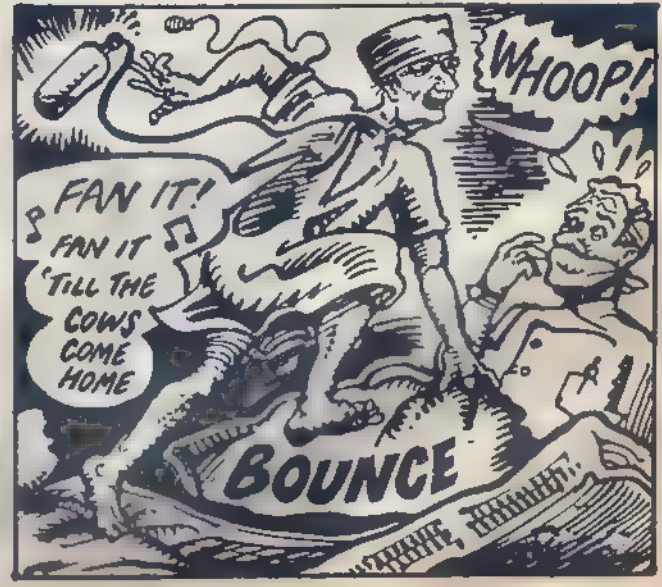
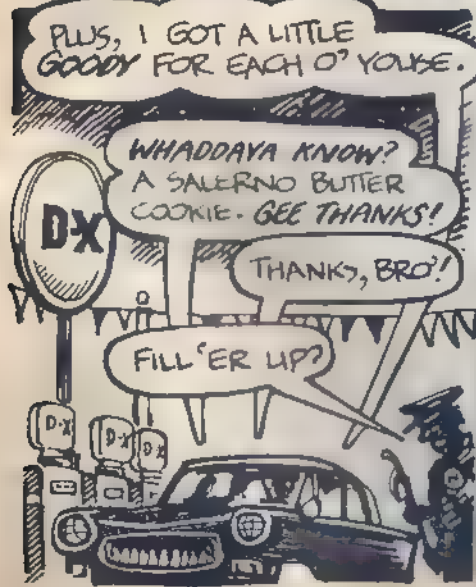
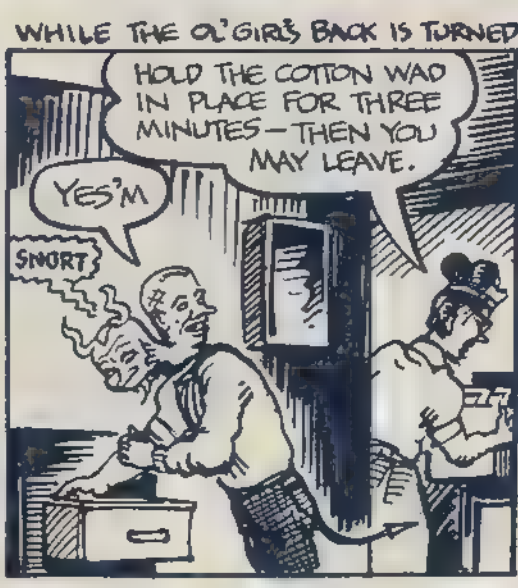
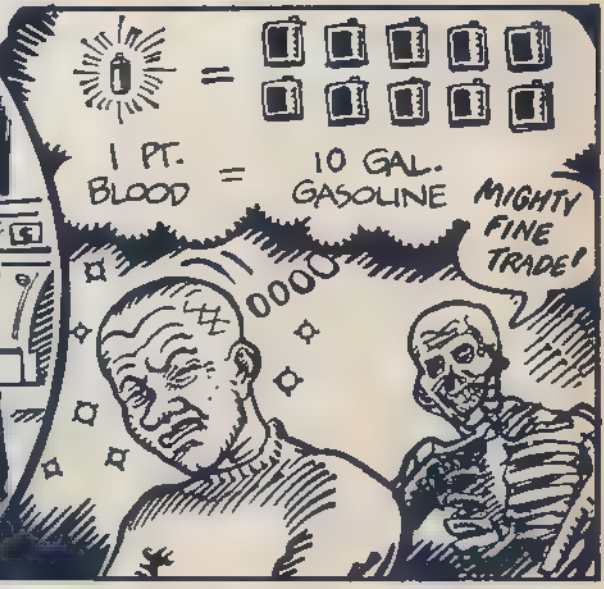


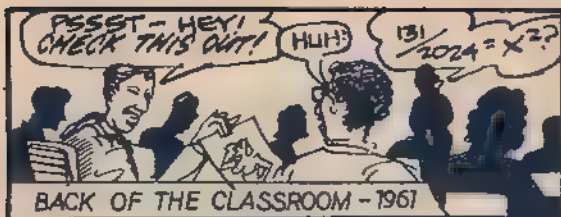
1 CRIMESTARTERS' TEXTBOOK

- TURN YOUR 20% INTO A COOL \$2! BUY ONE PAPER FROM MACHINE, STEAL TEN, THEN POSE AS LOCAL NEWSBOY.

BLOOD-MONEY

(a continuation of "Th' Phillips Capet.")
©1975 JUSTIN GREEN





SWEET VOID OF YOUTH

With BINKY BROWN

APART FROM ANY CONSIDERATION OF BINKY'S SEXUAL/RELIGIOUS TURMOIL (FULLY AND FRANKLY DISCUSSED IN THE COMIC BINKY BROWN MEETS THE HOLY VIRGIN MARY), LET'S INVESTIGATE THE TWIN IDENTITY CRISIS THAT HAS LAIN DORMANT SINCE HIS HIGH SCHOOL DAYS. THE QUESTION IN HAND IS NOTHING LESS THAN THE RAY-BOY'S USEFULNESS TO SOCIETY THROUGH THE MOST EFFECTIVE APPLICATION OF HIS SKILLS.

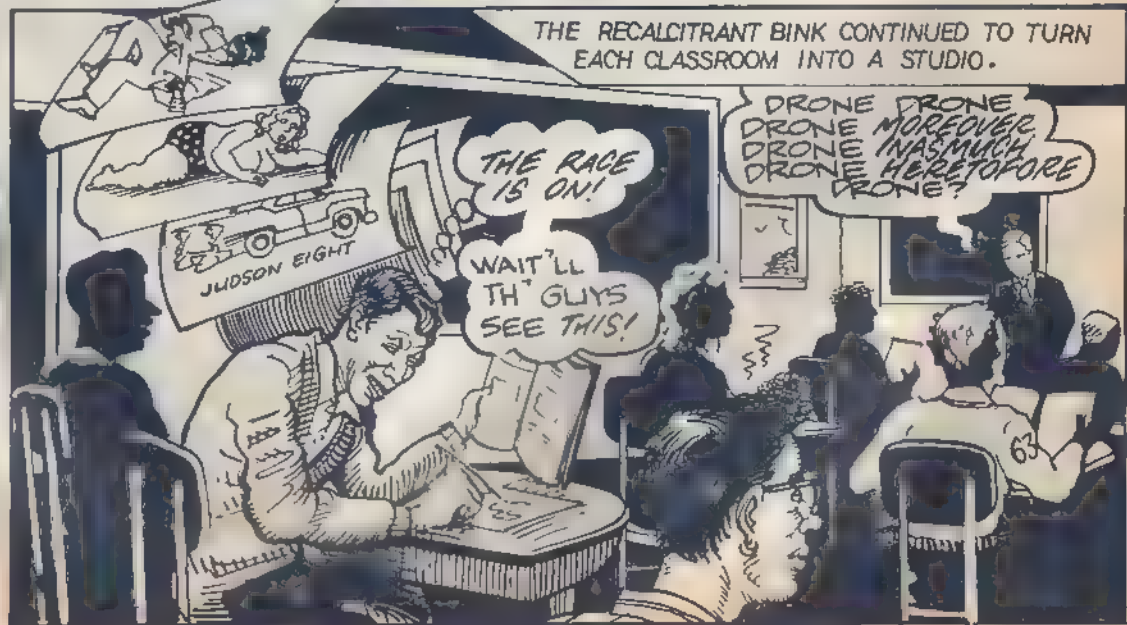
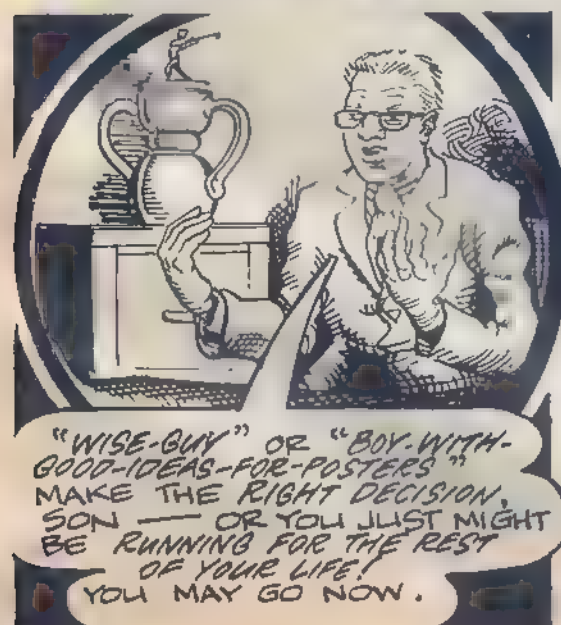
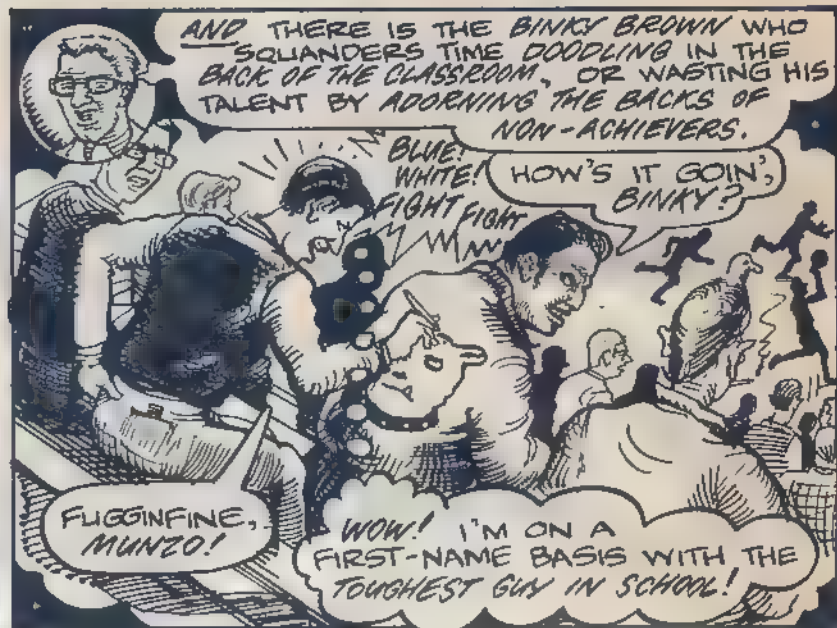
Binky's commented antics also appear in: LAFF IN THE DARK (publ. by LAST GASP) & YELLOW DOG #17 (Pring-Mine)

AHEM! MRS. GASPAR BROUGHT THIS DRAWING TO MY ATTENTION, SON... IT IS UNWORTHY OF YOU! I'M HIGHLY DISAPPOINTED WITH YOUR PERFORMANCE THIS FAR IN THE SEMESTER. I HAVE A HUNCH THAT YOU FANCY YOURSELF AS A REBEL... HAH! WHAT WITH THE ADVANTAGES YOU'VE HAD, THAT POSITION IS HARDLY JUSTIFIED...

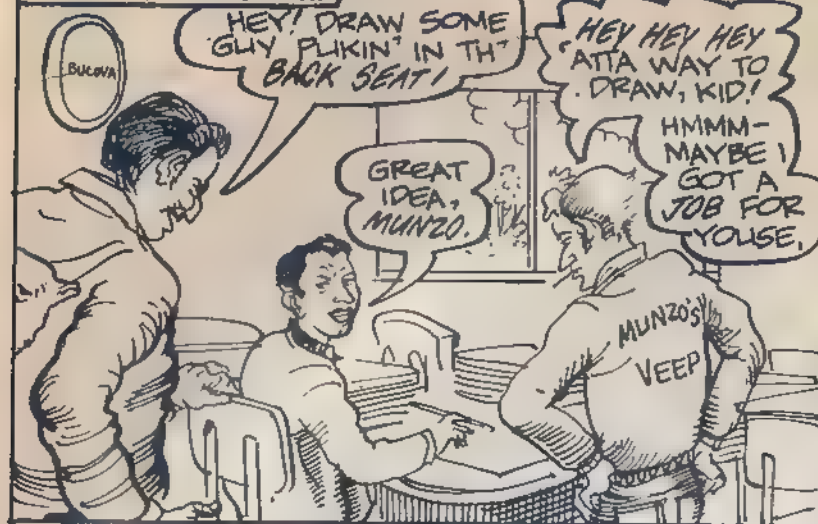
HARRUMPH I'M GOING TO HAND YOU SOME ADVICE, AND YOU CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT: THERE ARE ESSENTIALLY TWO BINKY BROWNS...

EAT IT RAW, CASH!

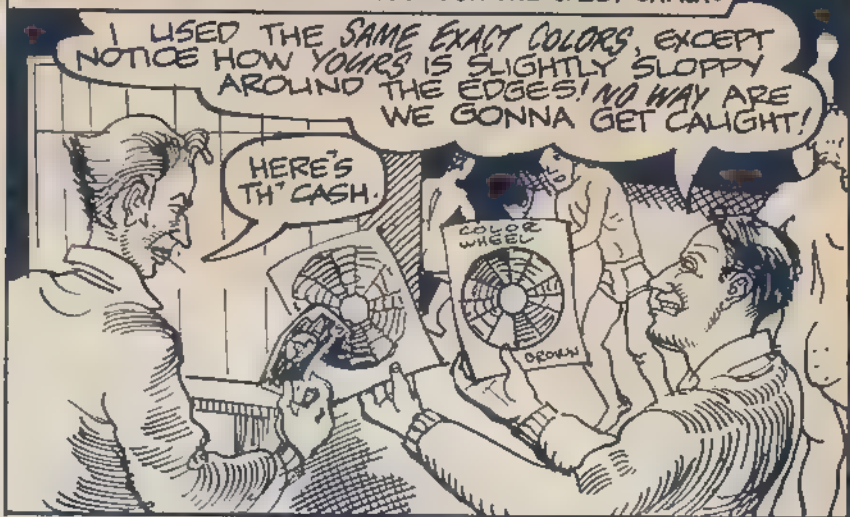
© 1976 JUSTIN GREEN



FAR FROM COMPETING FOR THE SCHOLASTIC ART AWARDS, HE BECAME A RENEGADE WHO PEOPLED FIFTIES' AUTOS WITH SCENES OF DEBAUCHERY.



BINK'S FIRST ART JOB CONSISTED OF DOING A CRACKED-MIRROR VERSION OF ALL HIS ART ASSIGNMENTS SO THAT HIS SLY EMPLOYER COULD FORSAKE SUMMER SCHOOL FOR THE CADDY SHACK.



COME GRADUATION DAY, MR. CASH EYEBALLED HIM WITH THINLY DISGUISED RESENTMENT.



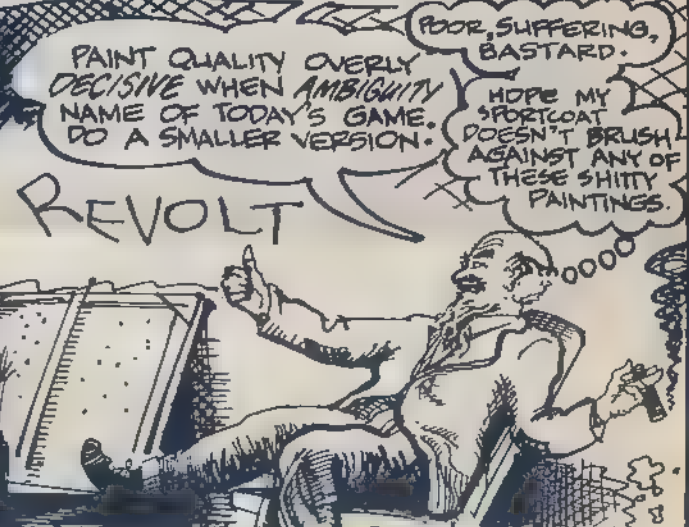
OFF AT A HIGHLY REPUTABLE ART SCHOOL ON THE EAST COAST, THE QUB REALIST MADE A STARTLING DISCOVERY.



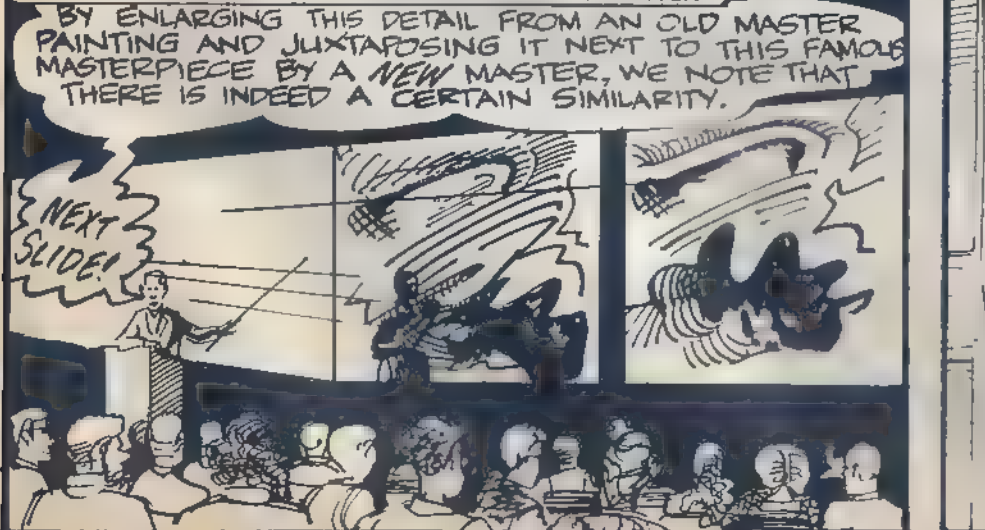
IN THE NAME OF EXPIREMENTATION (WHICH HAD A PLEASANT SCIENTIFIC CONNOTATION), HE TURNED OUT ONE TORMENTED AND BOMBASTIC PRODUCTION AFTER ANOTHER.



FINE VISUAL COCKTAIL IN THE LOWER RT., YOUNG MAN.



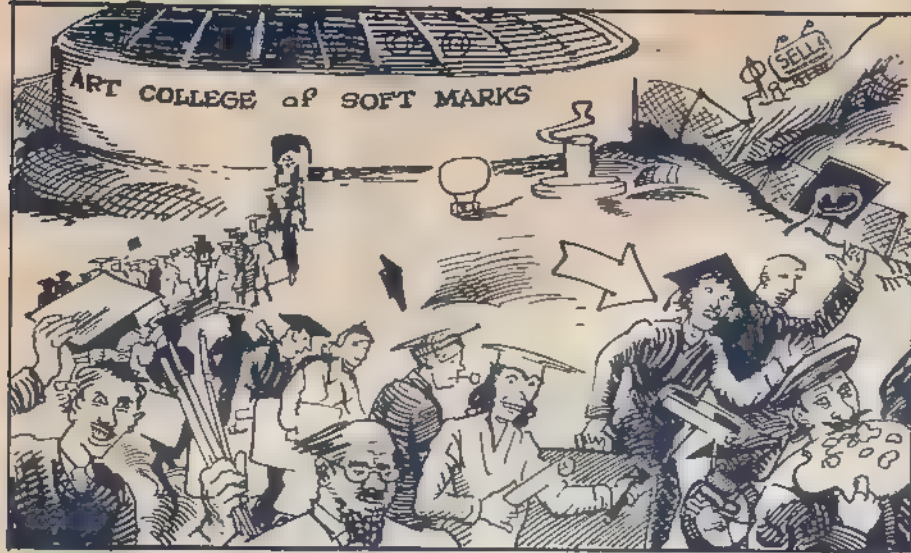
MANY A FAR FETCHED FORAY WAS MADE INTO ANTIQUITY TO JUSTIFY THE MOST CURRENT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE ART WORLD THOUGH PUR-SUIT OF TRADITIONAL ACADEMIC SKILLS WAS VERBOTEN.



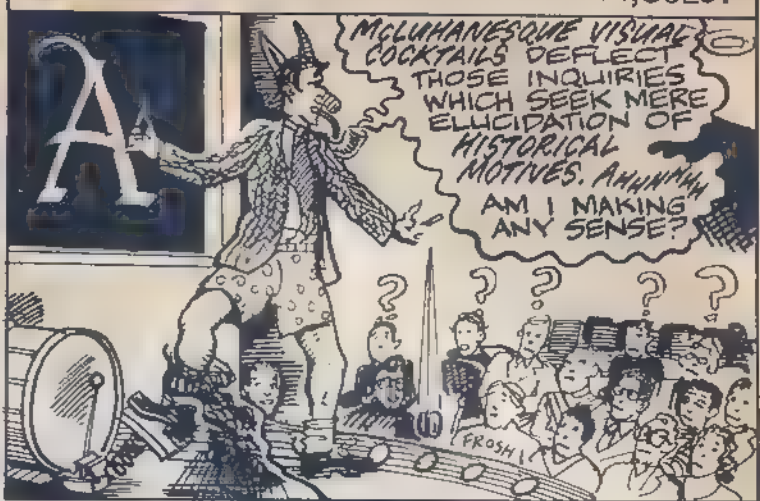
AND AS FOR CARTOONING, THE ONLY PROPER PLACE TO DO IT WAS "IN THE CLOSET."



BINKARINO WAS AMONG THE THOUSANDS OF SO-CALLED "BACHELORS OF FINE ART" WHO ISSUED FORTH FROM ACADEMIA IN SPRING '68.

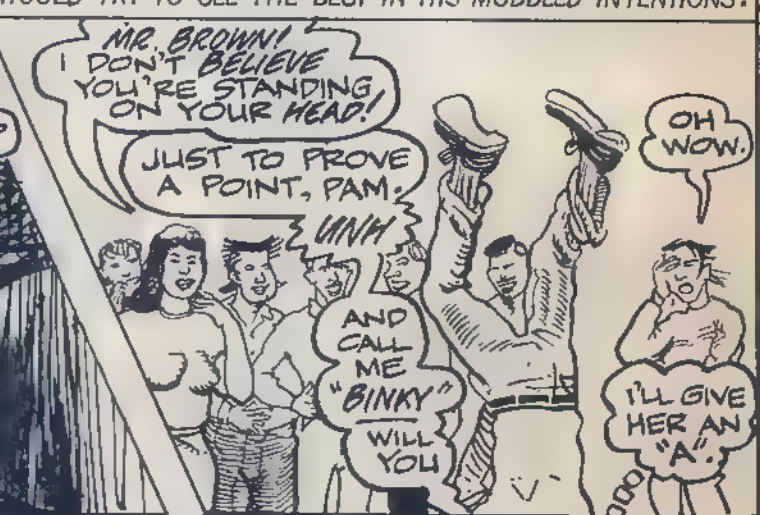
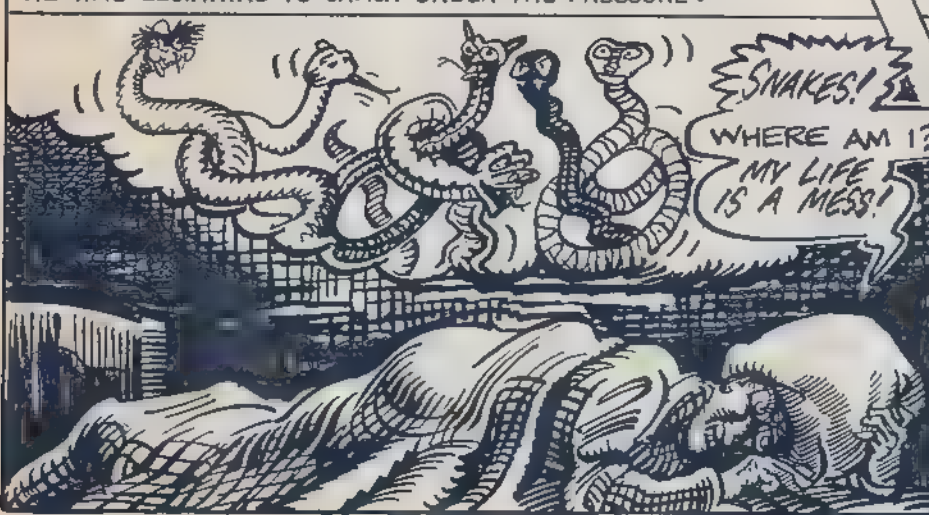


THE FORTUNATE BINK HAS LANDED A "TEACHING ASSISTANTSHIP" AT A BIG COLLEGE. SHORT ON FUNDS, THE ART DEPT. GIVES THE STILL-WET-BEHIND-THE-EARS BULLSHITTER 3 DIFFERENT SUBJECTS TO TEACH, SOLO!



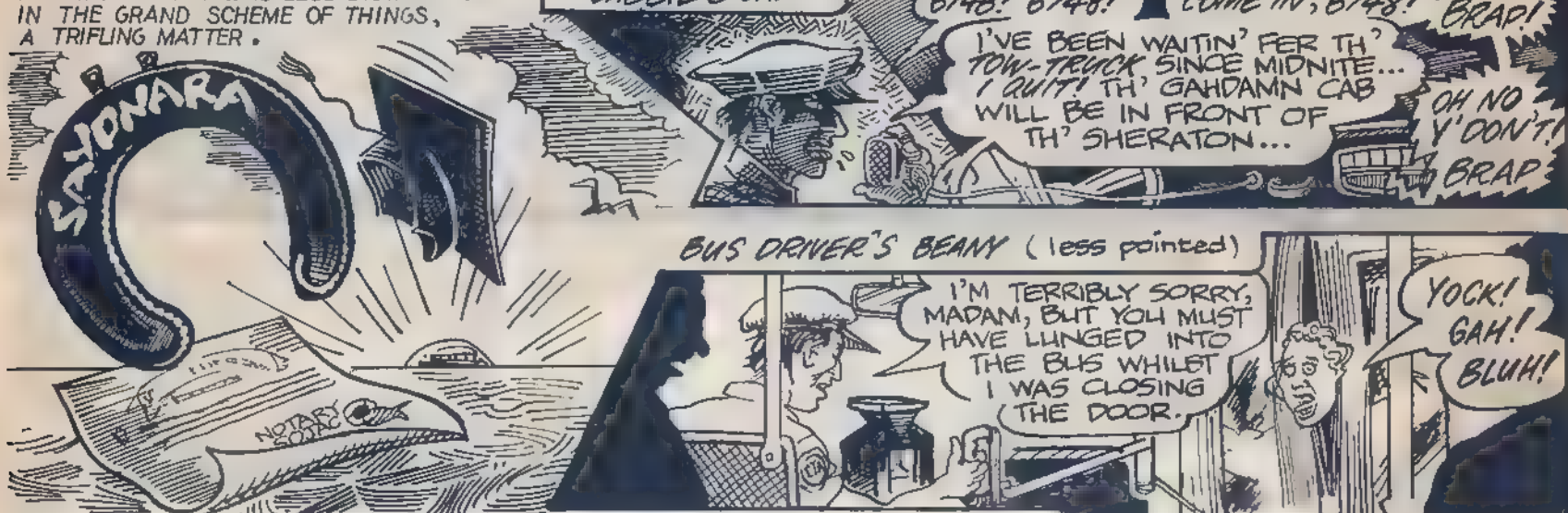
SINCE 3 BONAFIDE TEACHERS WOULD HAVE COST AT LEAST 30 GRAND AND BINKY WAS PAID ONLY \$3800 FOR HIS DAILY POSTURING, THE SCHOOL WAS SAVING A TIDY SUM. HOWEVER, HE WAS BEGINNING TO CRACK UNDER THE PRESSURE.

ONE DAY HE YIELDED TO A STRANGE IMPULSE WHICH WAS AN INSTANTANEOUS WAGER THAT IF A CLOWNING GESTURE OF DISGRACE WERE MADE TO THE STUDENTS THEN THEY WOULD TRY TO SEE THE BEST IN HIS MUDDLED INTENTIONS.



IN TIME, THE ABANDONMENT OF THE TEACHING CAREER WAS LESS DISGRACEFUL AND IN THE GRAND SCHEME OF THINGS, A TRIFLING MATTER.

AFTER ALL, HE HAD TRIED MANY OTHER HATS ON ALONG THE WAY - SUCH AS THE ...



TUCKPOINTER'S TOPPER



HOUSEMOVER'S HEADPIECE



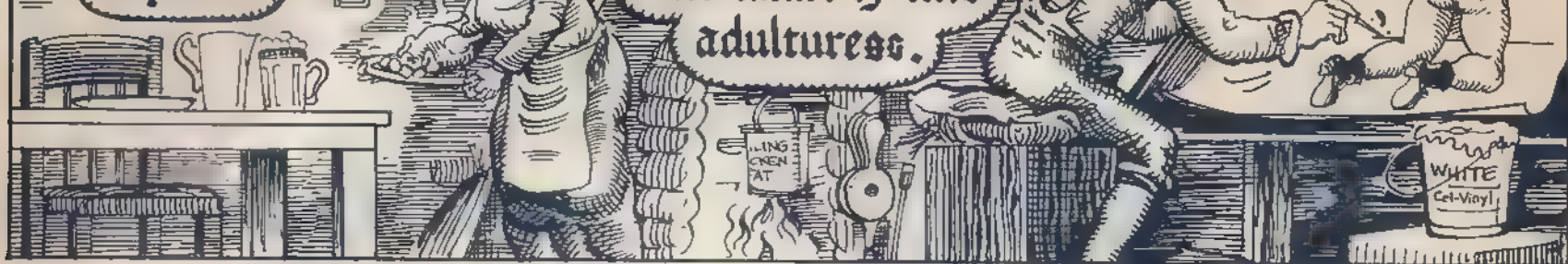
BUT THERE WAS ONLY ONE HAT THAT SEEMED TO FIT COMFORTABLY.



THOUGH BINK FANCIED HIMSELF AS QUITE THE ROGUE IN HIS NEW ROLE THERE WAS NO GETTING AWAY FROM YE OLDE PURITAN WORK ETHIC: IF THOU DOTH NOT TOIL THEN THOU ART AS A BOOGER IN GOD'S EYE.

Prithee desist in thy Labor, my goode man - till thou hast supped on this hearty repast.

Methinks I doth not deserveth such a feast. I must crosshatche the hams of this adultress.



LEST THEY BE THOUGHT OF AS PANDERING GROUPIES, CRITICS AND REVIEWERS TEMPERED THEIR PRAISE WITH SOME PRETTY DEVASTATING REMARKS.

GEE, I WAS MILDLY ENTERTAINED, BUT I COULD SEE THAT YOU HAD A PERMANENTLY DAMAGED BRAIN.

I'LL HAVE TO SHOW YOU SOME OF MY MORE RECENT WORK.



A NOTEWORTHY COLLEGE GENEROUSLY OFFERED TO TAKE ALL HIS SKETCHBOOKS OFF HIS MITTS.

SAY! HOW MUCH DO I GET FOR THIS STUFF?

HARRUMPH! WE ARE DOING YOU A GREAT HONOR JUST BY REQUESTING YOUR WORK, SIR! DON'T FORGET, YOU ARE A PORNOGRAPHER.



WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN A PLEASURABLE ACT BECAME AN OBSESSIVE ROUTINE. - WAS IT ONLY TO MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF THAT BINKY BROUGHT THE BACK OF THE CLASSROOM WITH HIM WHEREVER HE WENT?



IF SO, HE WAS BARKING UP THE WRONG LEG. FAME MAY SEEK US IN GOOD TIME BUT THOSE MISDIRECTED CHAPS WHO WOO HER ARE SUBJECT TO THE RUBBER GLOVE TREATMENT.



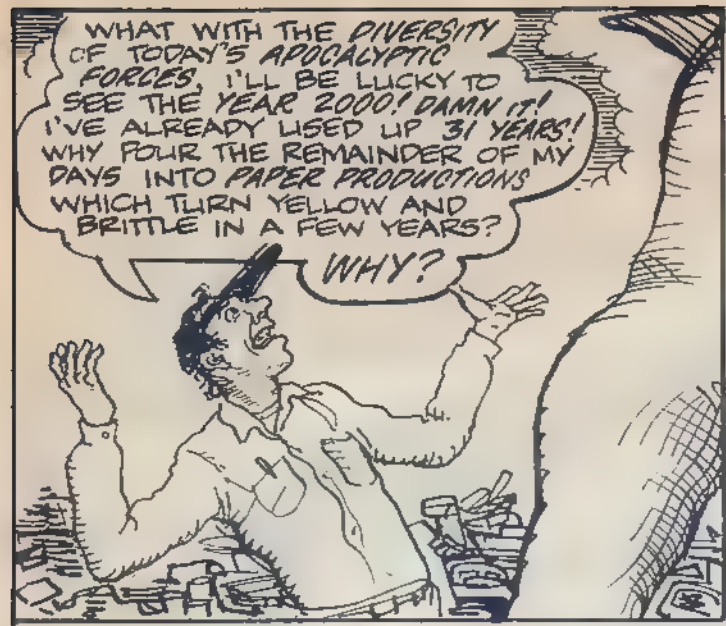
NOT ONLY DAT, I DON'T CONSIDER CARTOONIN' T' BE GREAT ART, SEE?

...BUT IF YOU'RE STILL HACKIN' IN TH' YEAR 2000 I JUST MIGHT GIVE YOU A LITTLE MENTION UNDER "RENEGADE NEUROTICS!"




WHAT WITH THE DIVERSITY OF TODAY'S APOCALYPTIC FORCES, I'LL BE LUCKY TO SEE THE YEAR 2000! DAMN IT! I'VE ALREADY USED UP 31 YEARS! WHY FOUR THE REMAINDER OF MY DAYS INTO PAPER PRODUCTIONS WHICH TURN YELLOW AND BRITTLE IN A FEW YEARS?

WHY?



FOR THE PAST 7 YEARS, I'VE CONSIDERED EVERY WAKING MOMENT AND EVEN MY DREAMS AS POTENTIALLY VIABLE CARTOONS—SO MY LIFE HAS BECOME A RELENTLESS COMIC STRIP!

I WANNA GET OFFA THIS MERRY-GO-ROUND!



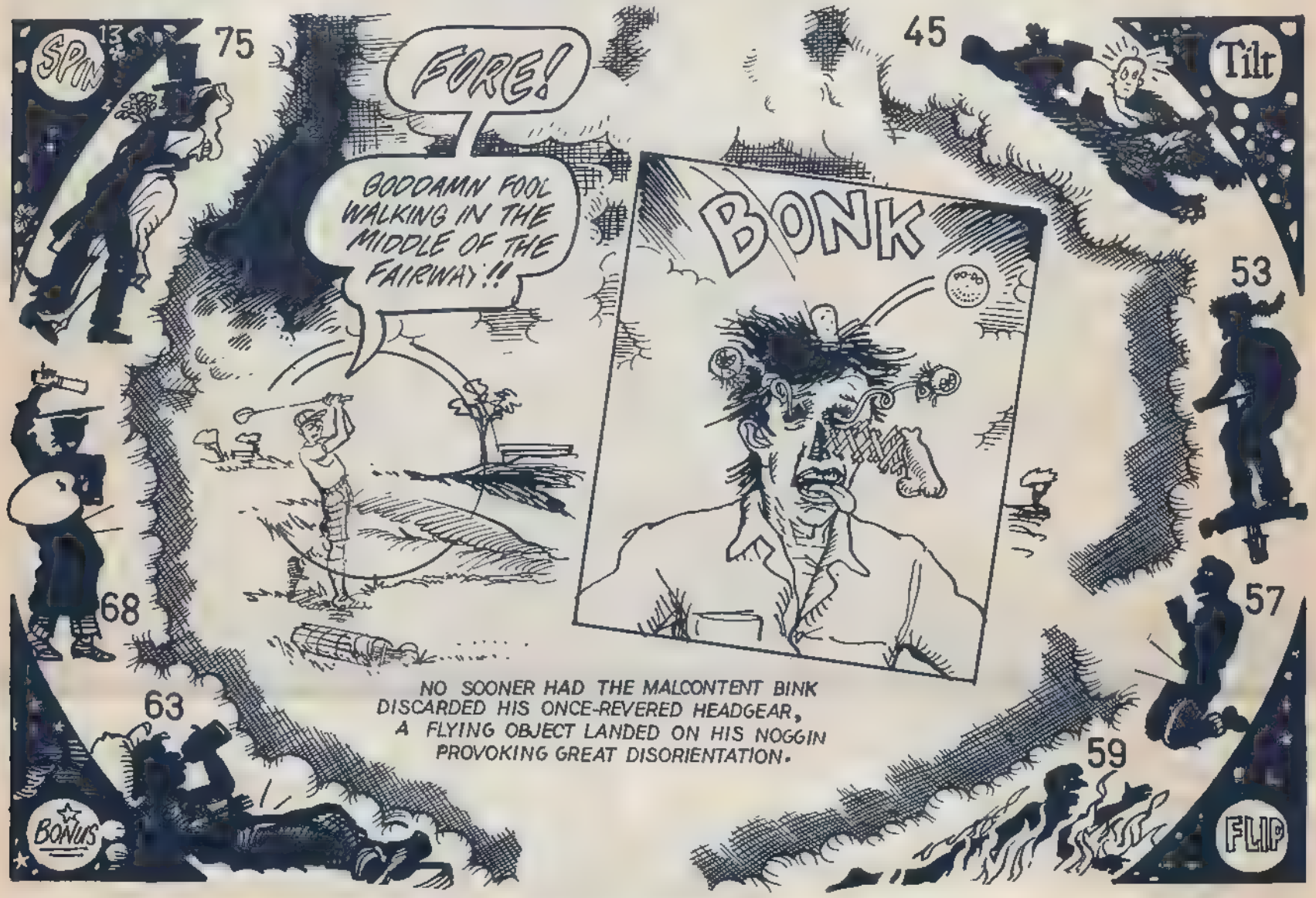
SPIN 13 75 FORE! GODDAMN FOOL WALKING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FAIRWAY!!

BONK

NO SOONER HAD THE MALCONTENT BINK DISCARDED HIS ONCE-REVERED HEADGEAR, A FLYING OBJECT LANDED ON HIS NOGGIN PROVOKING GREAT DISORIENTATION.

45 Tilt 53 57 59 FLIP

68 63 BONUS



LOOK— I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 18TH HOLE... I CAN'T STAND HERE AND SHOOT THE BREEZE!

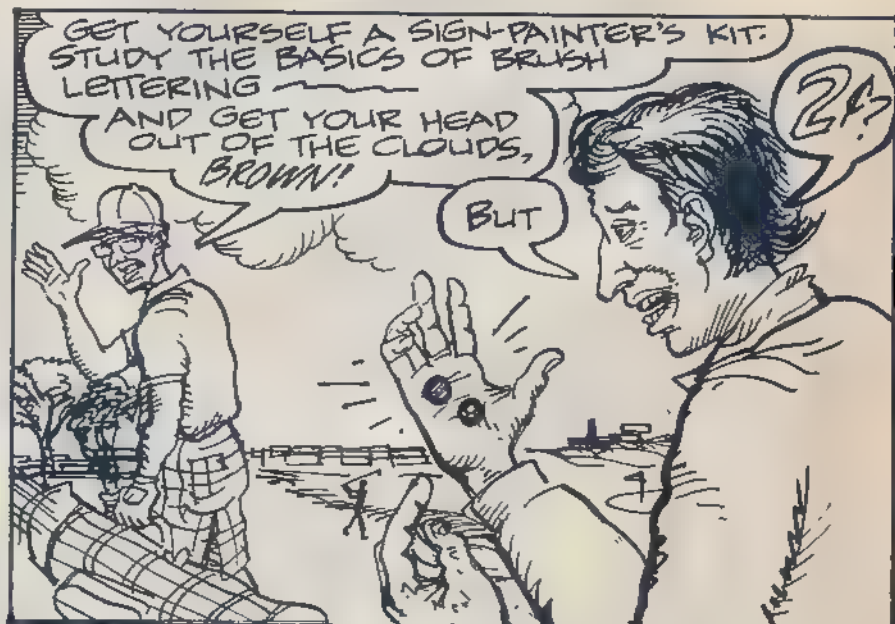
SAY! AREN'T YOU MR. VERN CASH OF RITZLAND PARK?



TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN OR BOY. NEITHER DO I WHEN I'M GOLFIN'! STAND BACK!

DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME, BINKY BROWN, CLASS OF '63?





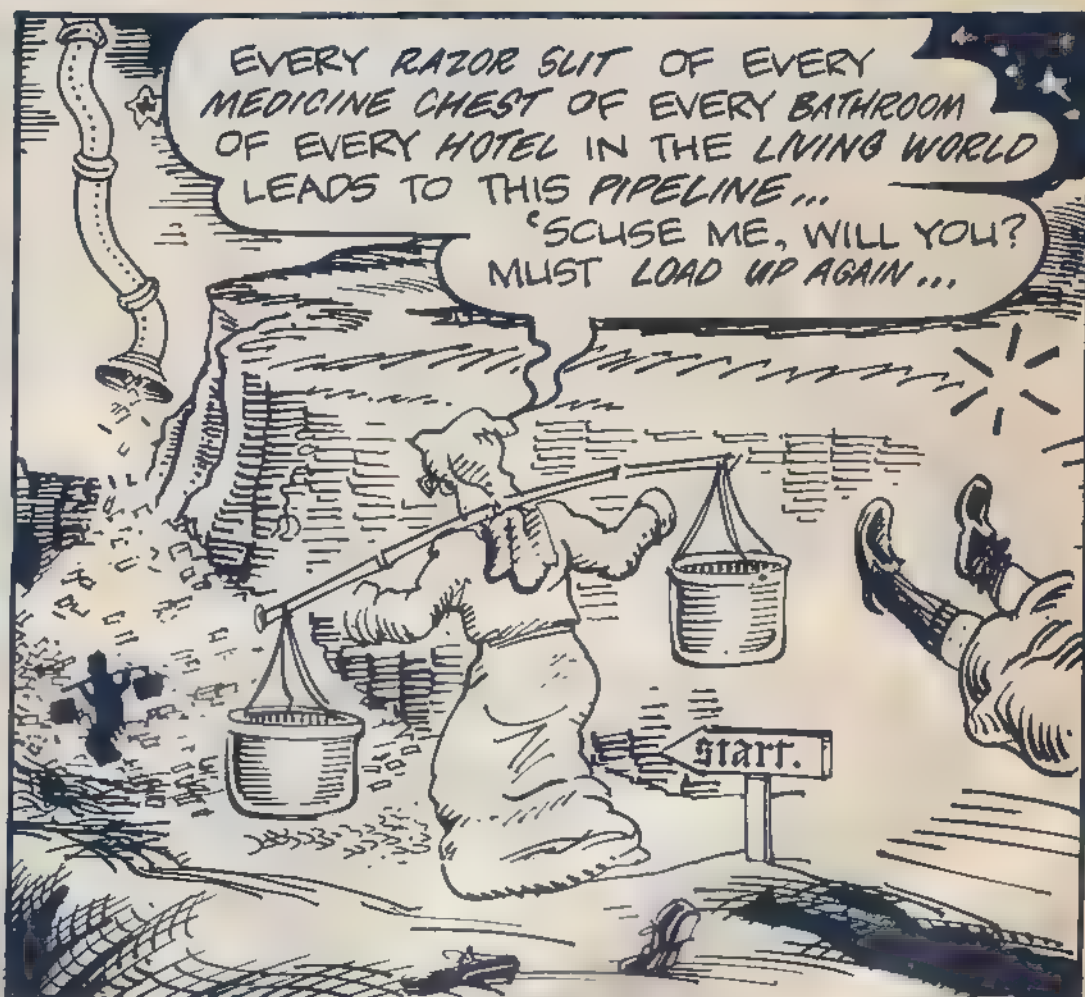
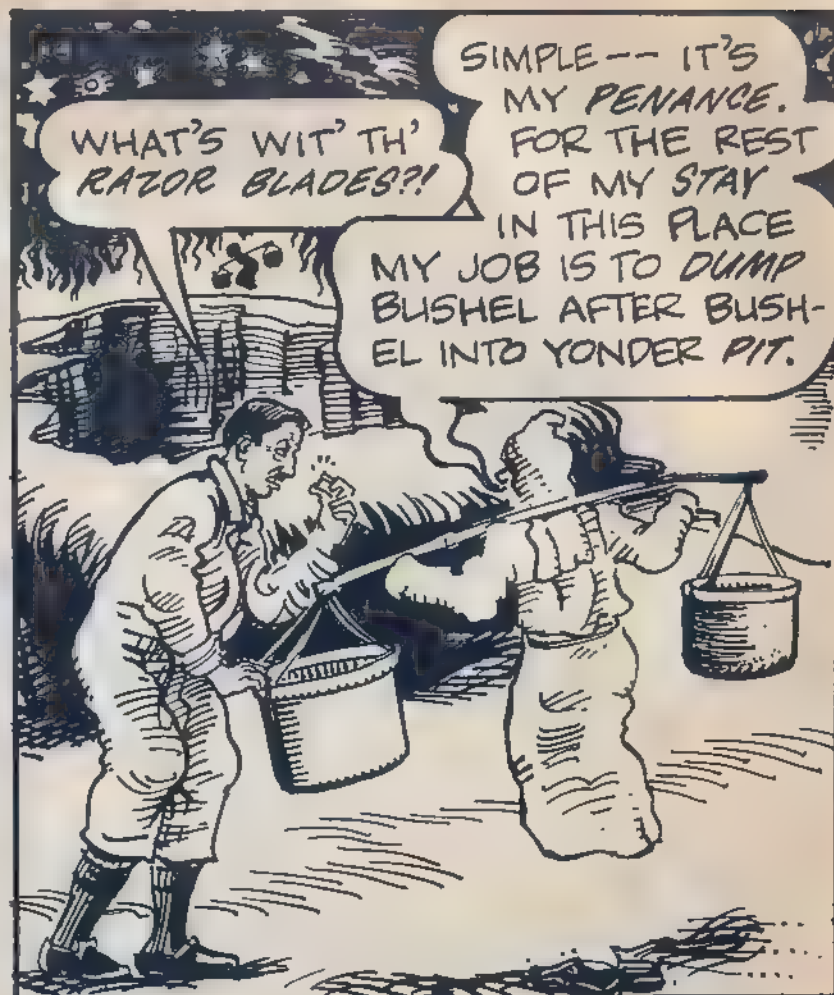
VERN CASH, YOU SCHMUCK,
I SALUTE YOU FOR CON-
VINCING ME TO TAKE THE
PLUNGE INTO THIS UNWAN-
TED CAREER BECAUSE IT
HAS RENEWED MY DESIRE
TO PURSUE THAT CRAZIEST
OF CRAFTS - CARTOONING!



"Sol" Tours Purgatory

He meets Jack Benny

36



KURTZ KOMIX

SNARF

BIZARRE SEX #5

SEND \$1.20 FOR EACH TITLE TO

KRUPP

P.O. BOX 7

PRINCETON, WIS 54908

KRUPP COMIC WORKS

COMING FOR THE FIFTH TIME!!

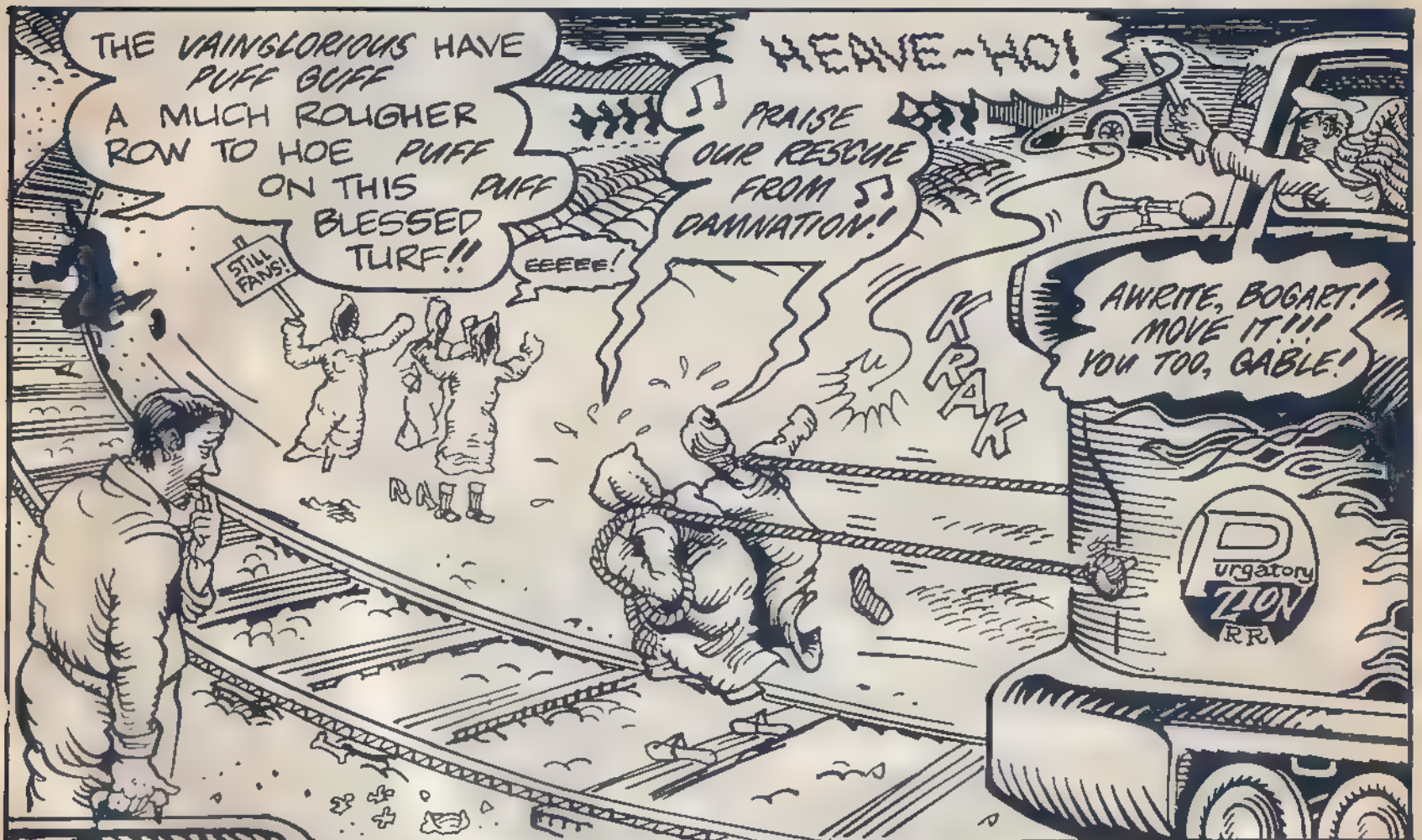
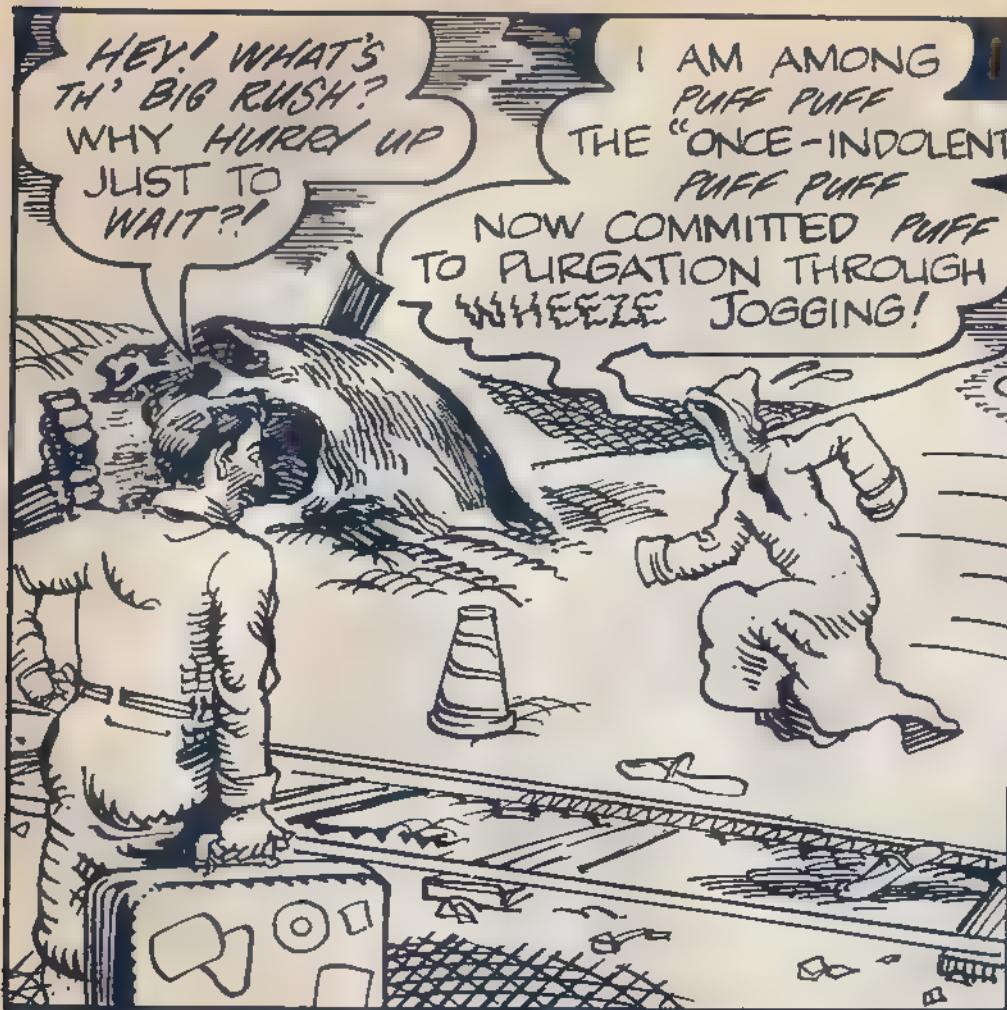
SEND \$1.20

LAST GASP BOX 212, Box 94701

Young Lust

That our load could be much heavier is a just cause to rejoice.

37



AVAILABLE
NOW FROM
LAST GASP
ECO-FUNNIES

THE TWO
FOOLS
COMIC BOOK



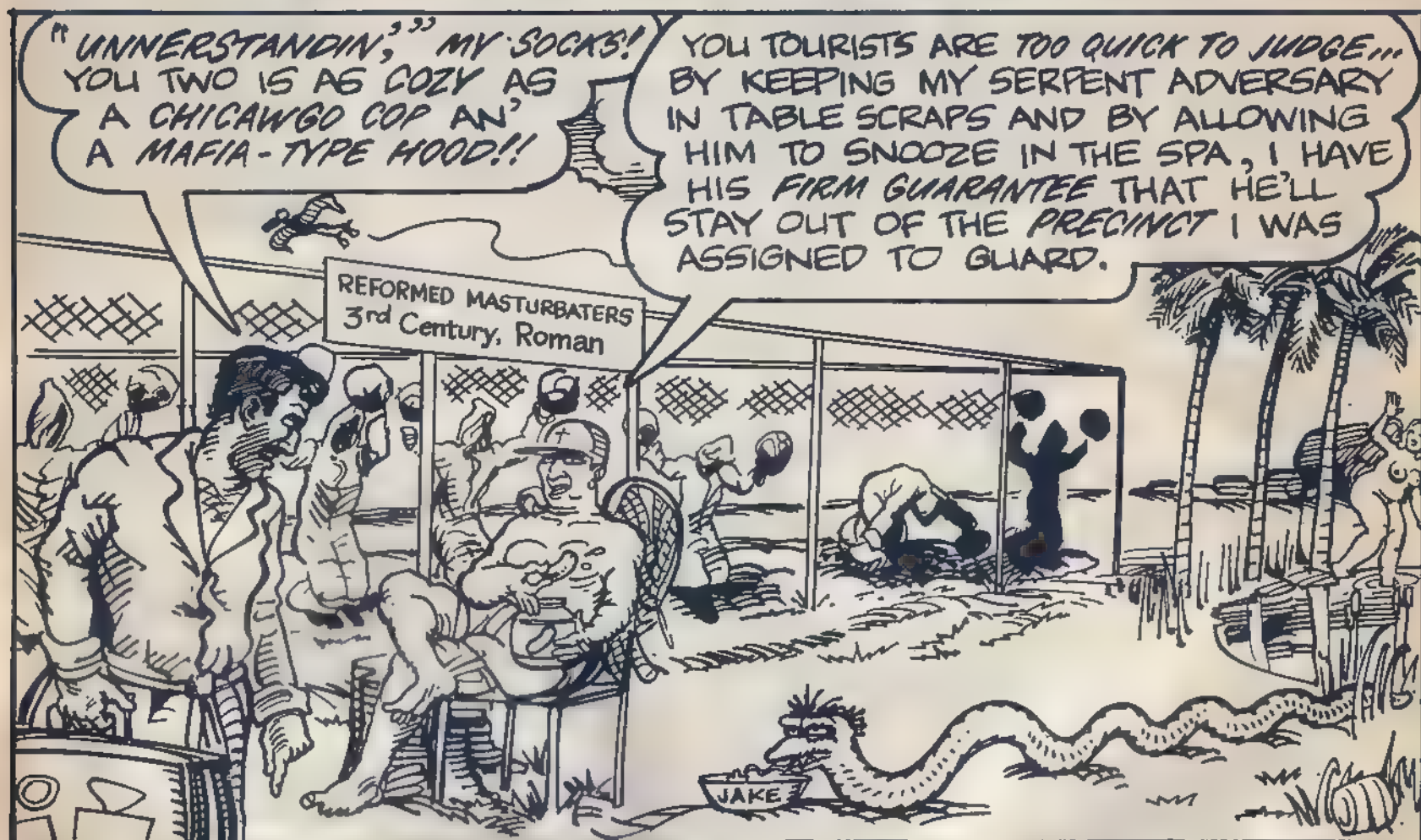
BY TED RICHARDS, THE LATE WILLY MURPHY
AND THE VERY MUCH ALIVE JUSTIN GREEN,
WITH J. MICHAEL LEONARD ON INKING!

... This is a Funny Book... From the beginning,
"2001 Fools Journey to Planet Y," through the
middle, a personal account by Ted Richards, titled
"The Origins of the Two Fools," until the end story
"Menage A Trois," I never had a chance to wipe
the tears from my eyes... Nathaniel Fawcett

SEND \$1.00
PLUS 20¢ FOR
POSTAGE TO:
LAST GASP
ECO-FUNNIES
2180 BRYANT ST.
S.F., CALIF.
94103

In certain sectors, the minions of both Salvation and Temptation relax in each other's company.

38



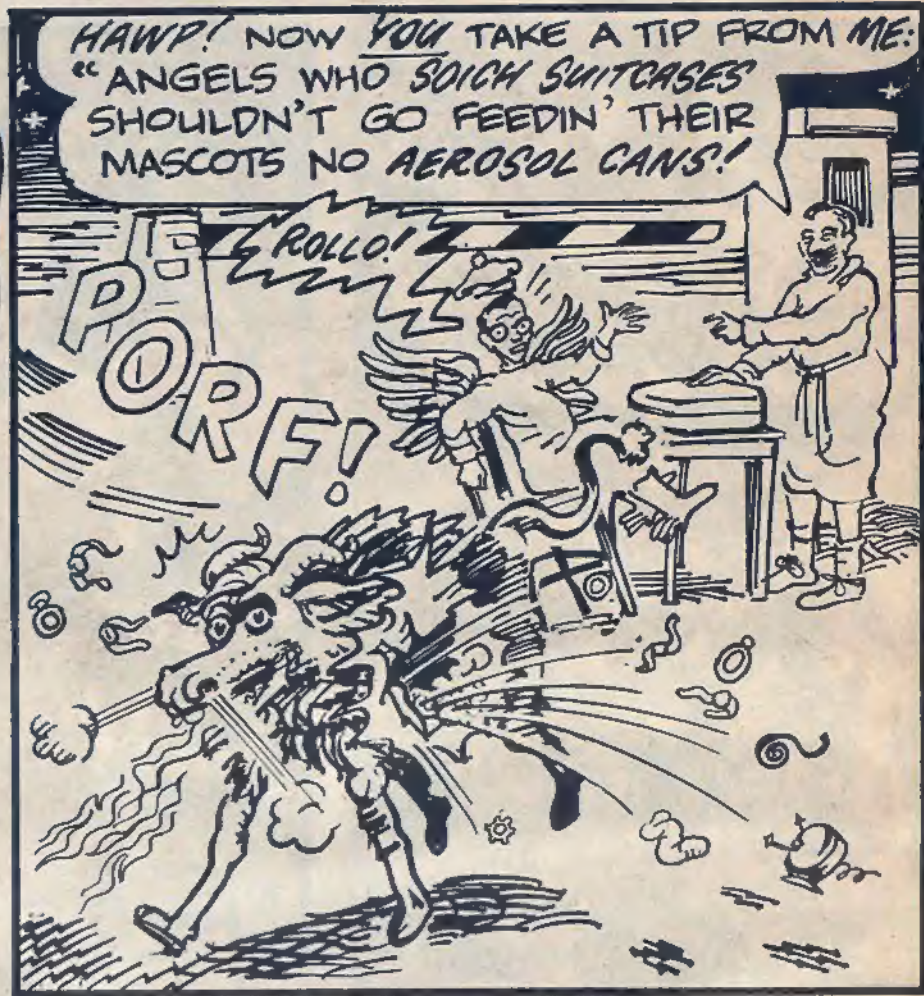
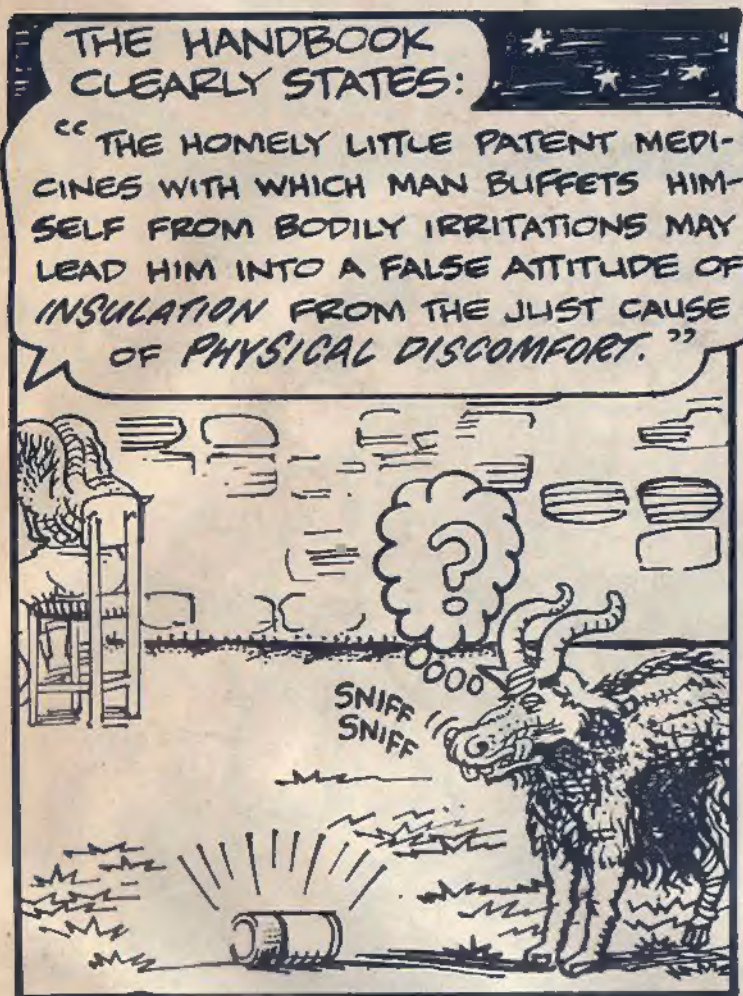
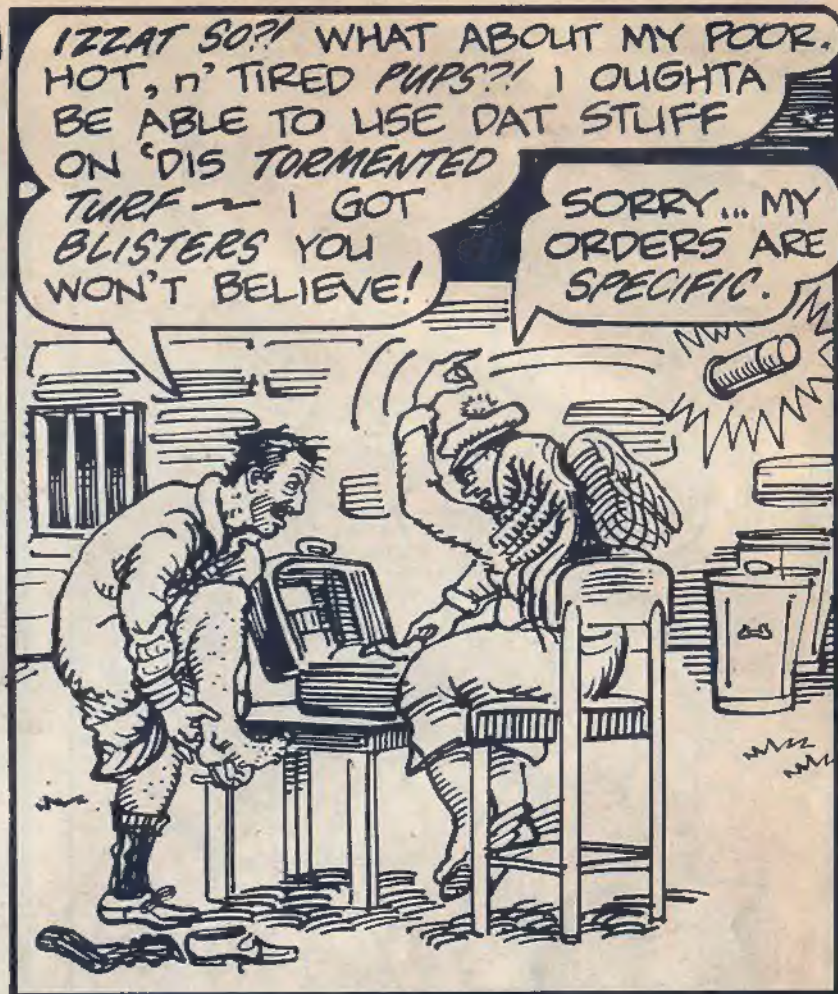
WHERE CAN YOU FIND
ALL OF AMERICA'S TOP
CARTOONISTS IN ONE PLACE?

R. CRUMB, GILBERT SHELTON, JAY LYNCH, S. CLAY WILSON, JUSTIN GREEN, KIM DEITCH, WILLY MURPHY, SPAIN, JIM OSBORNE, ART SPIEGELMAN, BILL GRIFFITH

ARCADE
THE COMICS REVUE

ISSUES #1-7 \$1.50 EA.

LAST GASP - ZIBO BRYANT / SAN FRANCISCO CA 94110



TWO FOR ONE!

IF YOU LIKE FLYING SAUCERS, BIZARRE JEF, WISEASS ALIENS, AND TALKING FURNITURE, SEND ME ONE DOLLAR (INCLUDES POSTAGE) AND YOU WILL RECEIVE AUTOGRAPHED COPIES OF MY TWO POCKET-SIZE COMICS, "PRESTO" AND "NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR". BOTH HAVE FULL COLOR COVERS AND 20 PAGES OF ILLUSTRATED INSANITY. ONLY 1,000 OF EACH EXIST IN THIS UNIVERSE, SO ORDER YOURS SOON!

PAUL MEGHEE
84 KRAFT AVENUE
BRONXVILLE, N.Y.
10708



BREAKDOWNS An anthology of strips by art spiegelman
AN ELEGANTLY WROUGHT, LARGE FORMAT (10"x14") VOLUME THAT GATHERS TOGETHER HIS STRONGEST WORK. FIVE COLOR-PLATES. SEWN BINDING.

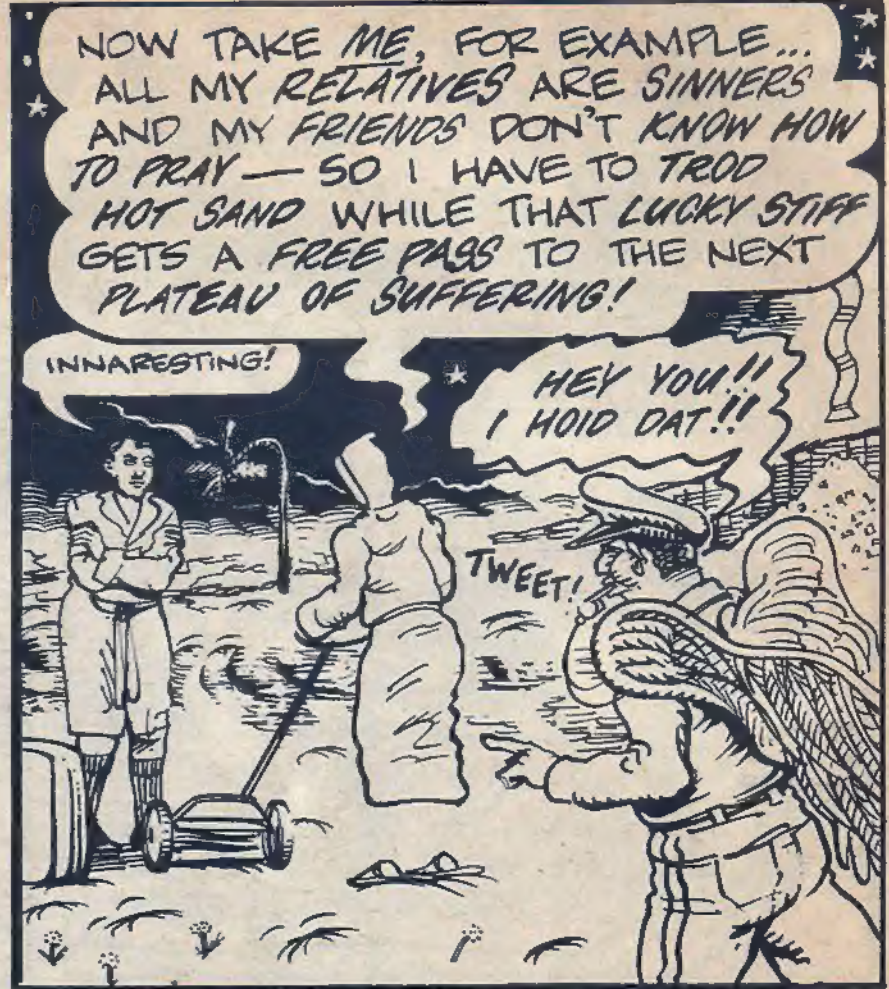
ATT: ALL GRIFFY BOOK COMING.

HOT OFF EACH TITLE
TH' PRESS! \$6.

+75¢ POSTAGE
and SCHLEPPING
Sold to WILLING Adults,
BELIER PRESS

R. Crumb's
**CARPAS
COMICS**





"Didi Glitz" finds her husband-to-be dressing up in her underwear. The "Bunch" gives head for the first time and finds it disgusting. No, these are not characters soon to emerge on Mary Hartman. Mary Hartman. They are products of the minds of cartoonists Diane Noomin (Didi Glitz) and Aline Kominsky (The Bunch) and can be found regularly gracing the pages of the new outrageous "women's" comic book from San Francisco called Twisted Sis-

ters. Besides Noomin and Kominsky, who fill Volume One with their humorous episodes, Twisted Sisters will also have contributions in future issues from other talented women cartoonists, including Mary Kay Brown and Michele Brand. The comic is published by Last Gasp, P.O. Box 212, Berkeley, California 94107 and can be ordered by mail for \$1 or picked up at your local bookstore for 75c.—Lynda Crawford.

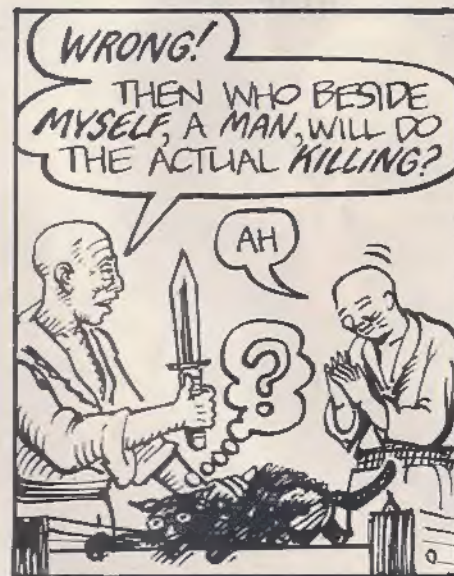
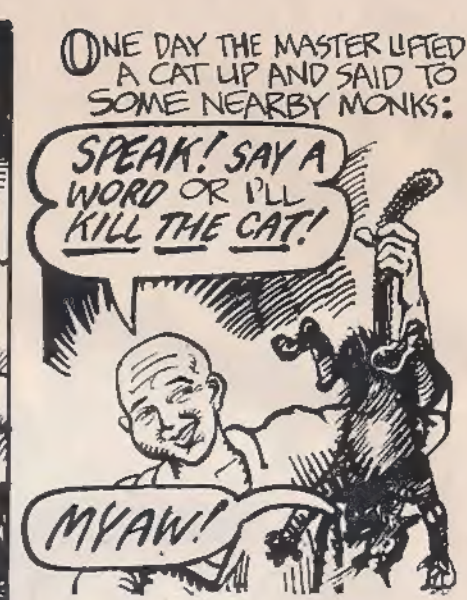
NEW DAWN MAGAZINE

TWISTED SISTERS

\$1 each postpaid to:

Last Gasp Comix
2150 Bryant Street
San Francisco, CA 94110





Rowdy Noody

in "THE SMUT CAPER"

"THE DEVIL FINDS WORK FOR IDLE HANDS."
- OLD WIVES TALE.

GO GO GO!

WOW! SOMEBODY LEFT A WHOLE STACK OF SMUT NEWSPAPERS ON THIS BENCH! WOTTA FIND!

WELL, WELL! HERE COMES SOME DINKY KID ON HIS PAPER ROUTE!

IN SEKS MONTHS I WEEL HAVE ENOFF FOR ANOTHER SAVEENGs BOND!

HEY, KID! A NEST OF BABY SPARROWS IS ENDANGERED BY A TOMCAT UP IN THAT TREE!! MY ANKLE IS SPRAINED, SO I CAN'T SAVE THEIR LIVES!

GOSHES!

WHEECH BRANCH?

THIRD FROM TH' LEFT! HURRY!

HEH-HEH! NOW TO STUFF A NATIONAL NOOKPIX INTO EVERY HOMETOWN HERALD!

GOSHES! I DEEDN'T FIND NO HURT SPARROWS, NO CAT, NO NEST, NO NOTHEENG!

'AT'S O.K., BUDDY! WE DID ALL WE COULD!

THE UNWITTING PURVEYOR OF FILTH PEDALS ONWARD.

I'M LATE!

GOSHES! THE PAPERS SEEM HEAVY TODAY! I MUST BE WEAKER FROM CLIMBEENG THE TREE, I BETCHA!

THE CHIEF SOON GOT WIND OF THE SITUATION.

SMUT!

BUT I DEEDN'T KNOW EET WAS PORVEEGROGEEK! I WENT TO SAVE THE SPARROWS AND -

PERJURY! I HAD A PAPER ROUTE MYSELF WHEN I WAS A BOY! YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN WHAT YOU WERE DOING! YOU HAD TO ROLL & TIE YOUR OWN PAPERS, DIDN'T YOU?! 90 DAYS IN REFORM SCHOOL, SON!

SNUK

NEXT CASE!

Hometown Herald

75

PAPER BOY WANTED

SCHLUUUP!

The End